THE COMMONWEAL

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THE EAGERNESS OF AGE

THE University of Louvain is soon to be 500 years old. An announcement of the ceremonies of observance has been sent around the world, so that scholars and lovers of education may be led to take their part in the homage due to a cultural ideal and a great intellectual achievement. But no brief summary can designate the meaning which Louvain has for so many who have reverenced it as a symbol of that advancement of science which civilization has always needed, and of that adherence to the Christian faith which guarantees genuine contact with eternity. In our own time, Louvain has been the memorable proof that the life of reason can go hand in hand with mystical earnestness—that a Catholic need not be deaf and dumb to the affairs of modernity, but can add them joyfully to his traditional, eternal treasure. It has shown (as almost no other place in the world has) how easily Christendom can absorb the sound fruitage of the nineteenth century, just as it once assimilated the wisdom of antiquity.

During 500 years Louvain knew Erasmus as well as Cardinal Mercier. It lived through the heaviest storms which European civilization was buffeted by—the tumult of religious and social revolution, the catastrophic impact of the great war. Frontiers were altered round about it, and empires fell while it stood. Even the speed with which its structures were rebuilt after war-time bombardment is almost a symbol of how this centre of learning remained youthful after every shock, eager to advance and wrestle with the new. Like so many American institutions of today, it may now and then have been "swamped with mediocrity," but it was never itself mediocre. Moments in its history when it was content to be complacent are rare. Louvain is a great model, to some extent an enduring recipe. Perhaps America may never be able to duplicate the original in detail or even in some fundamentals. But we need to capture its sturdy restlessness, its undimming spiritual vitality. For the conquest of the mind of man is something that has to be reachieved constantly.

It is now fashionable to believe that one has outgrown William James—perhaps to the extent of attaining the staggering intellectual stature of Will Durant! But James's diagnosis of the modern American mind was certainly the soundest ever made. He saw that his fellow-citizens had, in one manner or another, lost the connection between the customs they were observing and the principles behind those customs. He also saw that, in the face of several cultural complexities, nobody had time to get at the principles again. Therefore, if the customs were to abide, if the individ-

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ual was not to run completely amuck in favorite anarchies, it was necessary to consider these customs a sufficient philosophy in themselves. Accordingly he phrased his doctrine as follows: "The attitude of looking away from first things, principles, 'categories,' supposed necessities; and of looking toward last things, fruits, consequences, facts." If this formula had been an original invention, instead of—as it was—a thing waiting for somebody to express, it could hardly have been so satisfactory. James simply noted the universal prevalence of a mental disease; and because it was normal he called it health. The whole American spirit of his era was really in favor of "the open air and possibilities of nature, as against dogma, artificiality, and the pretense of finality in truth."

Perhaps there was only one way in which the individual could wholly escape the pressure of that atmosphere. He could dwell apart, in the equivalent of what Mr. Cram has termed "walled towns." Within their pleasant boundaries, one might cultivate meditation of eternal truths more constant and fortifying than open air or molecular mystery. But of necessity no university could be such a town. If the pressure of exterior opinion upon the presiding scholars could have been counteracted, the youthful student-body would still have been a stream carrying in the débris of the great world. As a result, the clash between pragmatic modernism and traditional doctrine has been so intense nowhere as inside the universities. It has brought a great deal of intellectual scepticism into American life. It has been the spur for a hundred gospels purely negative in character. But on the other hand, it has driven those who retain something of a metaphysical mind to reëstablish their foundations.

No phase of secular academic life is more interesting, for instance, than the wide-spread vigorous reaction against chaotic group morality. Sometimes this takes the form of opposition to democratic sovereignty, as in the critique of Professor Babbitt. Again it is visible as a plea for a sounder grip on international obligations and diplomatic honesty. Finally, it appears—and to excellent advantage—in sympathy with the social purposes and standards of mediaeval Christian Europe. Certainly Emerson, were he living today, would be mightily taken aback at the fervor with which the doctorate is thumbing old books and crumbling statues, not merely for the sake of antiquarian and aesthetic pleasure, but indeed in the hope of finding out "how to live." The game of creating a completely new America seems to have been pretty well given up. Most people are so thoroughly dissatisfied with what is new about it now that they seem to be in almost too great a hurry to come back to something refreshingly old, permanent, and dependable.

And yet the creative, constructive urge abides. We are all deeply interested in making a satisfactory product out of American materials, in doing something with today for the sake of tomorrow. Even the most abstracted mediaevalist is interested in his subject primarily because it is not innocuous. As a consequence, the position occupied—or at least occupiable—by the Catholic mind in the United States is quite unparalleled. It has absorbed the mediaeval tradition, not from books or parchment, but as a tree absorbs nutritive elements in the soil. On the other hand, it has always been pioneer in spirit, facing the wilderness and the people who roamed there, then the vast accretion of industrial towns, tilled fields, sleepy suburbs. If any institution has lacked fear of America, it is Catholicism. The combination of these two impulses—the conservative and the conquering—in the sphere of the intellect ought to give us, if not Louvain, then at least a widely distributed effort to do some of the things for which Louvain has stood.

It ought to be observed meanwhile that the anxious are probably taking the temperature of American civilization a little too frequently. This bewildering array of inquests, conducted with all the solemnity of a physician and all the purposiveness of a revivalist, may in the end magnify a self-consciousness which is already big enough. Nurses wisely keep their charts in places where the patient cannot stare at them too insistently. A nation which is forever concentrated upon the fact that it isn't intellectual, artistic, philosophical and what not, is in considerable danger of growing up to be priggish. We fancy that neither Dickens, Shakespeare nor Chaucer set to work with rare enthusiasm because they saw the appalling dearth of intellectual enterprise in England. Very probably their fire was kindled by contagious flames: they discerned that literature was a great and going business in which they might well invest every penny they owned. America which gazes at its wrinkles and fumbles about for some helpful cosmetic or "facial lift," may succeed in changing its appearance but it will never become naturally beautiful by such tactics. It would be far better to accept Whitman's brave hypothesis of barbarism and set out to make bows and arrows with some abandon.

Best of all, however, will be (we feel) a frank acceptance of the Catholic attitude toward America. This is, on the one hand, a profound conviction that basic truths are young after 500 or 5,000 years; and on the other hand, a brave trust that humanity can master new conditions and even a new self. The voyageurs who first came here may have hungered for an environment in which Malebranche and Descartes were gravely discoursing upon ideas, but they met the red man on his own terms none the less. Sometimes their commentaries may have deplored, in passing, the absence of Racine and Watteau from naked American villages, but the tenor of their narrative was with the here and now—with the task to be done, with the dream to be made come true, in ways sanctioned as right by Christian centuries. Yes, Louvain is old; but if it could be transplanted it would be one of the most youthful things in young America.

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WEEK BY WEEK

ADMIRERS of Senator Borah will be pretty hard pressed to account for his action in dealing directly with the President of Mexico. He had, of course, assumed that as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee he was the man chosen to supply the nation with that accurate, unbiased information which neither Mr. Coolidge nor the State Department could be depended upon to supply. It was up to him, as the champion of anti-imperialistic democracy, to head an investigating committee empowered to tour Latin America and find out the lay of the land. But long before this committee had been authorized—or rather, discountenanced—the Senator had engaged in that touching personal correspondence with President Calles which has now been made public property. Who, indeed, was so well qualified to say just how matters looked from the inside as that arbiter of justice, truth, and social prudence? That the information which came from the very citadel of Calles impartiality was almost verbally the same as that which had been given out by the "Mexican government" through more public channels, is only one ironical characteristic of this epoch-making correspondence. The big thing is the aroma—even the very pious aroma—with which the offering is dedicated to the great Borah. One fancies the point is not so much a violation of the Logan Act, which forbids such correspondence between citizens and foreign governments as is likely to embarrass the administration. It is rather the fact that a senator, blinded by the sense of his own importance, has succeeded in making himself and his nation ridiculous in an hour when tact, carefulness, and responsibility are needed. Undoubtedly the country is not yet prepared to see a chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee assume the functions of chief executive—even though that chairman be the great Borah.

A YEAR'S talk leaves the country's agricultural problems farther from solution than ever. President Coolidge's veto of the McNary-Haughen measure, though expected, will tend to make this very dubious system of price-fixing the thing round which justly dissatisfied farmers are expected to rally. For their benefit, and for the enlightenment of us all, the President's explanation deserves a wide and fair reading. He questions the constitutionality of the measure; challenges its workability and estimates its economic cost; criticizes the fact that it "singles out a few products" for artificial regulation, to the detriment of "other farmers" as well as of the industrial public; and points out that jacked-up prices will wobble before the attack of the public. It would be nothing short of folly on the part of agricultural reformists if they refused to weigh the President's argument; and it is extremely improbable that they can manage a satisfactory rebuttal of its sound economics. But willy-nilly, the Republican party is meanwhile brought face to face with a challenge to its fundamental doctrine. It is curious enough that Secretary Mellon was fated to be the critic of such bureaucratic machinery as the McNary-Haughen bill involved—Secretary Mellon who in public life has so firmly championed the intricacies of tariff collection, and who, as a private citizen, has profited hugely by those intricacies. Tradition weighs heavily in the support of industrial protection; but it may well be that out of the present turmoil there will eventually come a challenge to that tradition which will have, to borrow a homely but pertinent metaphor, all the wallop of a knockout arm.

THERE is one feature of this fight which has resulted in the veto which is peculiar and significant. Inaugurated as the campaign of a bloc and directed on behalf of interests as "special" as any organization of bankers or of manufacturers, its continuance may have the result of consolidating the forces of those who are opposed to special privileges for any group. Already there is talk of overtures to advocates of tariff reform, and it begins to look as though the very forces which launched the drive for special favors for a certain section of a particular class will be responsible for a real revival of the tariff issue as a major topic in the next presidential campaign. It has taken the agriculturalist who inherited his Republicanism and his farm from his father, many long and sometimes lean years to apprehend that he might possibly have things in common with "low tariff cranks." It was not until he had sought relief by the means which he had seen others employ in order to enrich themselves, and had

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been rebuffed in what he regarded as the most unexpected quarter, that it dawned on him that perhaps extreme tariffs were hurting him as well as the ultimate consumer, and that a square deal in the markets in which he had to purchase for the farm, plus energy and study of modern methods, would produce better and more permanent results than an application for special favors for which others would have to pay.

IT IS scarcely likely that there will be any wild scramble for positions on the Radio Control Commission, which will be created in the near future as a result of the new law which went into effect when President Coolidge signed the compromise bill passed by Congress. There can be no doubt that radio conditions have reached a state where some scientific adjustment and regulation is necessary. But the five men who are to be named by the President to represent the five zones into which the country will be divided, will have no easy task, nor one that will make for personal popularity. In addition to issuing licenses, the commissioners will determine wave-lengths, assign locations for various classes of stations, and exercise authority in a dozen other matters whch may "promote public convenience or interest, or serve public necessity." All licenses now held will expire on April 24; as there are some 18,000 of these, including 725 broadcasting stations, more than half of which will have to be shut down in the effort to establish a satisfactory condition of less interference and greater efficiency, it is likely that about the twenty-fifth day of next month, much wailing and gnashing of teeth will be noted in all parts of the country. However, if the members of the new board, none of whom will have any financial interest in the manufacture of radio apparatus, or in the transmission or operation of radio telegraphy, radio telephony, or radio broadcasting, show they are earnestly endeavoring to improve conditions, with fear of none and special favors for none, they will have a public opinion quickly formed and loyal in supporting them.

ABOUT a year ago, Archbishop Curley, of Baltimore, publicly charged that religious discrimination was general in several of the federal departments and bureaus in Washington "under the very shadow of the White House." Of course, there was immediate denial from departmental heads of any such condition, although all Washington knew that the Klan was making great efforts at that time to strengthen itself in the national capital. Now comes L. C. Stewart, president of the National Federation of Federal Employes, who charges, in a letter sent to President Coolidge, that "favoritism based on religious, as well as political and social considerations, is one of the sinister forces making for deterioration of the federal service." It is not always easy to corroborate charges of this kind, as excuses for discharges, demotions, acts of petty tyranny, as well as for promotions and acts of rank favoritism, are ready at hand. Nor is it always easy to correct such conditions when politics is being played all the time. In this particular case, however, a check, if not a total corrective, is ready to hand. As Mr. Stewart points out in his letter to the President, Congress long ago recognized the necessity of throwing certain safeguards around the rank and file of government employes. Under the Classification Act of 1924, the Personnel Classification Board was instructed to make a survey and establish standards of qualifications, duties in the several grades, and lines of promotion which must be recognized. That the will of Congress has been ignored is one of the chief reasons for the oppression of the individual and the deterioration of the public service which Mr. Stewart deplores. He demands that action be taken, without further delay, to carry out the commands of Congress. He performs a public service in pressing such a demand.

NEWS of the failure of mine workers and operators to arrive at any agreement at the Miami conference to arrange a new contract to replace the Jacksonville plan, which expires at the end of the month, and consequent imminence of another coal strike, causes a feeling closely akin to disgust. Certainly, anyone reading the report of the final session of the conference might well be moved to invoke a plague on both of the houses involved. It was not at all surprising that each side should have come to the meeting with certain fixed ideas about one matter or another. The miners were determined, if possible, to extend the Jacksonville agreement for another two years; the operators, alleging restrictions under this contract which hampered them in their business, were united in their resolve not to agree to such extension. Now here was the maximum of the wishes of each party. A conference followed for the purpose of discovering what each was willing to concede, in order that a new agreement might be effected. If this was not the purpose, the man in the street, who at night becomes the man in the cellar, may well ask what, in the name of reason, they ever got together for at all. When it became evident that the "without-this-nothing" attitude only stiffened with argument, one would naturally expect that both sides would have invited arbitration. Instead, they reported disagreement and began to weep crocodile tears over the strike which loomed as inevitable. This is not the way railroad owners and railroad workers settle the matter of a new scale; it seems to be a condition peculiar to the coal industry. It is a rotten condition. Each manifestation of lack of willingness to change it encourages those who clamor for public ownership, and makes for them new supporters—not because public ownership promises efficiency in operation, but because it holds promise of a full coal-bin.

NEW YORK'S illustrious Baumes laws, which make prison sentences cumulative in a ratio which finally ends in life-terms, have run the gamut of violent criticism. They are now rescued from attacks by members of the

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bar, by a decision handed down by Judge Crane, in the Court of Appeals. It is pointed out that the laws are mandatory and must be obeyed. They are recommended as having teeth which snap even at too lenient judges and district-attorneys. As for the public, it seems to favor a penal code designed to render visits to unoccupied apartments by unscrupulous gentlemen few and far between. Doubtless the Baumes system is not dedicated to humanitarian standards, and doubtless it treats some offenders unfairly. But in the final analysis, it may prove advantageous even to many agencies which attempt to redeem those who manifest criminal tendencies or "instincts." It affords an additional powerful urge to reform which, though based on fear, does not run counter to the basic purposes of parole boards and similar organizations. The argument to "be good" will come with more force when it is stabilized by the vision of inescapable prison. Finally, the laws tend during the course of their operation to eliminate from society those hardened cases which never do prove amenable to reason, leaving the social worker free to devote himself to individuals of the better sort. One is inclined to believe, furthermore, that the real problem lies in changing that "criminal environment" which cannot be improved by remedying the more general sources of social evil. With reference to this, the Baumes laws may be brooms that sweep too vigorously; but it should be remembered that the dirt to be removed is exceptionally menacing.

DO THE recent Chicago primaries indicate that Mayor Dever's administration has so well pleased and unified the better citizens that all the rest have rallied in dismay round the standard of William Hale Thompson? One remembers a sigh of relief running up and down Michigan Avenue, and seeming to rejuvenate the straggling grass of Grant Park. The sigh was caused by the news that the aforementioned Mr. Thompson (then mayor) had finally been ejected from the city hall, after years of ridiculous ballyhooing and inefficient government. And now 300,000 American voters —many of them native—have raised their voices in his behalf again. Is it an ominous shout? Or merely a little threat? Chicago faces great civic problems. During the past few years, much has been done to meet them, but that "much" is only a good start which other honest administrations will have to carry on long after Mayor Dever will have been removed by old age. But politics in Chicago is not always equivalent to civic enterprise. The rapid growth of the city seems to have precluded party organization on a basis thoroughly above board. One look at the Chicago condition ought to convince anybody who still identifies Tammany Hall and corruption that the New York institution has accomplished the very thing of which the middle-western metropolis is so much in need. It has brought popular political organization out of the dark, and given it status and a sense of responsibility. Everybody knows that even though Tammanyites may charge a certain percentage in privileges, they will not stand for gun-running and sinister foolishness; for subterranean cabals and reigns of terror. Chicago citizens are interested in their great municipality and anxious to provide for its needs. But history and circumstances have confronted them with a tremendous handicap.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, New York City, has established another "international contact" with the recently opened Institute of Polish Culture. This ambitious academic foundation aims to maintain not merely "a bureau of general information concerning Poland," but also a library, an editorial organization, and a "centre" from which the movement can radiate into clubs and circles remote from the metropolis. Almost simultaneously it was announced that funds were being collected in the United States for a Gaelic university to be built in the Scottish highlands. "The Scotch," it is said by way of explanation, "have contributed much to the finer side of American civilization." One may wish this endeavor to perpetuate Gaelic culture well, while regretting a little that it could not have been identified somewhat more closely with Ireland, where the Gaelic language and tradition have entailed so much sacrifice, even in our own time. But both movements testify to an awakening consciousness on the part of Americans of the various old-world cultures which all have their share in the background of our nationhood. It is desirable that the United States tree should flourish and bring forth fruit of its own; but it will be all the healthier for preserving contact with its roots and conserving (without adulteration) the sap that has moved up from them. One may note gratefully also that these new contacts are wholesome in character, thus pleasantly offsetting the nostalgia and naturalistic chaos that have been so widely recommended here as "Europe."

THE appointment of a vicar apostolic to the region of the Suez Canal is an ecclesiastical event more than usually colorful. Monsignor Dreyer will, of course, have charge of a region considerably more vast than Port Said, and the two or three other towns near the canal which harbor Catholic congregations. In fact, the vicariat touches, in one place, the boundaries of Palestine, thus virtually enclosing the route taken by the French missionaries in the Holy Land when they accepted the invitation of Ferdinand de Lesseps, and came to minister to laboring throngs. The work of the Friars Minor in the valley of the Nile is, however, centuries old. Saint Francis himself may be said to have inaugurated it, when, in the summer of 1219, he joined the Crusaders at Damietta and ventured to preach the Gospel to the relentless Sultan Malek-El-Kamel. It is estimated that today his sons minister to some hundred thousand faithful in upper and lower Egypt. Port Said affords an interesting example of polyglot, cosmopolitan Catholicism, and has a curious

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history. During 1862 an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out, and an encampment of laborers refused to stay unless the friar who was laboring as a missionary in the neighborhood would take up his residence among them. Thus a congregation was founded, which now carries on in divers languages—French, Italian, English, Maltese, German, Spanish, Arabic. Suez is, as has been said, not merely the world's gateway, but also its market-place. Nevertheless, the Faith progresses there steadily, tranquilly, in the same spirit as obtained when Saint Francis braved the terrors of the sultan.

ABOUT as neat a right-about-face as one has seen executed in many a day, must be credited to Mr. George Jean Nathan, of the American Mercury. Suddenly, before you are aware of what is going on, this illustrious censor of the canaille and other puritans, turns and thunders almost perfect scholastic doctrine at you anent the subject of art and morals. The theme is, as might be expected, The Captive. "Once he has done his share in establishing the fine piece of work in its proper place, the critic may conceivably be privileged for a moment to let up being a critic and to look at the work with eyes removed from contemplation of it as art," says Mr. Nathan. And the result? Bourdet's play is voted "the most subversive, corruptive, and potentially evil-fraught play ever shown in the American theatre." One may doubt the appropriativeness of these superlatives, but there is no gainsaying the evidence upon which they are based. If it were not already perfectly clear that moral guardianship has gone to the dogs in this country, one might well wonder why there is not a universal display of vigorous spanking by parents and educators. Perhaps these are so firmly convinced that money is the only thing which makes the world go round, that they are fully ignorant of the influence of suggestion. If so, they might well try the test which Mr. Nathan proposes: "Let them take a night off, go to the theatre and see Congreve's Love for Love, return home and read a certain celebrated piece of literature by Alfred de Musset, and then sit down to the piano and try to keep their minds on Nearer, My God, to Thee."

IT IS often objected (with a serious disregard for the rules of refutation) that tabloid newspapers and lurid "art" magazines do more harm than all the skilfully executed works of dramatic and artistic genius. They do harm, of course; and the aspect of two rows of stagnant subway faces, half-hidden behind newsprint embellished with portraits of frowzy adulteresses and night-club habitués, is about as vigorous a challenge to Christian charity as can be imagined. But the old saw abides—a mongrel may be a mongrel, but one expects something of pedigreed stock. Here we are expending an almost infinite sum of money, brains, time, and virtue trying to prepare a selected group of people for the duties of civics and civilization. And the result? A flock of unfeathered goslings sneaking into cheap recasts of vile French comedy, and drawing on their dads for first editions of pornography. You will find them, among other places, at The Constant Wife, a play about which little has been said but which you may write down as one of the most harmful and devitalizing shows on Broadway. Of course, it is an affair in which Aphrodite's veil is discreetly opaque; but she is right there just the same, with a cynical adaptation of that comedy of adultery which has been the curse of the French stage for twenty-five years.

WHEN Sir Esme Howard, the ambassador from Great Britain, recently delivered, on behalf of King George, an alms-dish as the gift of the British ruler to the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, Bishop Manning, in his address of acceptance, took occasion to refer to the links binding the new Protestant Episcopal temple to the historic cathedrals of England. What was passing through the minds of the British ambassador and the British consul-general, both of whom are members of the Catholic Church which built and embellished every one of the famous shrines which are now in possession of "the church by law established," can only be conjectured. Probably, however, their thoughts were not much different from those of their coreligionists in England when the latter learned that the Anglicans of York were arranging to celebrate with elaborate services, the thirteenth centenary of the founding of the marvelous minster which was seized by Queen Elizabeth in 1559. Divine grace is all-powerful, but its work is sometimes impeded by a total lack of the saving grace of humor.

THE FATHER OF CHEMISTRY

THE greatest name in the list of Irish men of science is that of Robert Boyle, said to have been described on his coffin as "the father of chemistry, and the uncle of the Earl of Cork," who was born 300 years ago, on January 25, 1627, in that picturesque castle which overhangs one of the most noted salmon rivers in Ireland, at Lismore, in Waterford County.

He was the fourteenth child, the seventh son of the "great" Earl of Cork, and the younger brother of the Roger Boyle who afterward became first Earl of Orrery. As to science, his claim to the position assigned to him is due to his remarkable skill in experiment, wherein he proved himself greater than Bacon; for where Bacon had done no more than talk, Boyle actually put his ideas in operation. "Boyle's law," which every student of physics learns early in his career, was the result of his experiments on the relation between elasticity and pressure.

Otto von Guericke, in 1650, discovered the air-pump; but the first real advances in its construction were made by Boyle, and the instrument which he constructed is still one of the most valued possessions of the Royal Society, of which he was one of the found-

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ers. The Royal Society sprang from an organization called the "Invisible College," which was connected with Gresham College in the City of London, and of that body Boyle was one of the first members. The Skyptical Chymist, published by him in 1661, was the book which first declared absolute unchangeability, ab initio, of the chemical "elements," which remained the teaching of science until the discovery of radio-activity by the Curies showed it to have been a false idea. It was, therefore, the idea of Boyle which led to that prolonged and foolish condemnation of the scholastic teaching of matter and form. The wheel of time has now shown that that theory and the modern physicist's views as to the nature of matter are so close that only an expert can see where the difference lies.

Besides his great scientific work, Boyle was a deeply religious man, having, so he relates, been "converted as a boy during a thunder-storm." Of course, being an Irishman and a Protestant, he belonged to that Calvinistic form of belief where the possibility of the assignment of an actual day, hour, and moment, as that when the person was "saved," was (and remained for a great deal more than two centuries after Boyle's death) a fact never doubted by the adherents of that belief. He was indefatigable in his efforts to propagate his own form of Christianity in all parts of the world, and among other things, was a governor of the "'Corporation for the Spread of the Gospel in New England" for some years. In his anxiety to understand the Gospels, he made a study of Greek, finally mastering it, as well as Hebrew, Chaldean, and Syriac.

It is a strange fact that no one knows where he was buried, save that it was in London, where he resided for many years. Some few years ago, a careful search was made in the vaults of some of the old London churches with a view toward ascertaining where his remains lie. But the effort came to naught, and the coffin-inscription quoted above still remains a legend unsupported by evidence. The tercentenary of so great a man should not pass without some word of tribute.

GEORG BRANDES

A FRENCH critic once termed artificial light one of the great formative influences upon the life of Ibsen. The remark is probably too clever, but it does call attention to certain gloomy habits of self-consideration fostered by a vile, foggy northern climate and a provincial environment. If ever a man thought too much, upon the stage and off it, that man was Ibsen. By comparison, the esteemed Danish critic whose death has just occurred, scarcely thought at all. Georg Brandes was a most remarkable human encyclopaedia: the range of his mind was very nearly the range of the modern European mind, and yet he was an almost vehemently personal master of it all, strutting up and down through a dozen literatures without losing his identity. Very likely Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature, his most imposing work, is as vast in scope as anything the mind of a writer has grappled with. And yet it is only a kind of neutral centre from which his interests and energies ran to a hundred contiguous quarters.

Brandes has been compared with the mighty Spaniard, Menendez y Pelayo. The likeness is really an illuminating contrast. The great passion of Pelayo was for the classic, indigenous culture of the Iberian peoples; and his achievement was to prove there had been, still remained, and could again be a glorious Spain holding a view of the world with metaphysical earnestness and poetic fire. He was, in short, the humanistic renaissance of modern Spain. And Brandes? The only time he really came into contact with Danish or Scandinavian life, of the roots of which he remained profoundly ignorant, was during the era of his youthful brush with the doctrines of Kierkegaard. Whatever one may think of this strange Danish mystic, he does exemplify in a singularly luminous manner the approach of the Scandinavian soul, in so far as that has been made distinct through temperament and experience, to the verities of religion. That Brandes could not share this is one thing; that he could not understand it is another. He went through life voicing a protest against religion. In a certain sense, he also walked along blind to the people round about him.

The many migrations that were registered in Brandes's Hebraic blood and mind fitted him singularly well, however, for the study of a Europe which had been completely dissociated, which was merely a chaotic muddle of numberless individualisms. No man who retained identity with any particular western society or tradition could have explored the wide world with half so discerning an eye. The Austrian Herman Bahr, the Italian Benedetto Croce, are both illustrations of contemporary cosmopolitanism. But each comes back to his own hearth-fire with a gait so regular and spontaneous that one can tell the origins of both at a glance. Not so Georg Brandes. He could write a better book about Shakespeare than any other foreigner (excepting Goethe, the universal genius) because he was, in all truth, really not a foreigner. He could trace the adventures of the French literary emigrants with so sure a hand because he was a master of the psychology of migration. One may marvel at the performance, but it is well to remember that it was achieved by an outsider.

The spectator in Brandes is evident particularly in his treatment of religion. No doubt he was really earnest in his consideration of Christ and of Christian beliefs. But he seems to have viewed them only, as it were, in some mirrored reflection. He was much like a tired and homeless voyager who, passing the door of a great lighted house, does not understand that this is home. In some ways a pitiful spectacle, it calls to mind the prayer of the Church, offered unceasingly —"rege eos et extolle illos usque in aeternum."

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SERAJEVO—AND SHANGHAI

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

FOR a period that dates back to the first meeting of the League of Nations in the year following the Treaty of Versailles, the world at large has been treated to a spectacle that is as puzzling as it is unedifying. On the one hand, the nations that emerged intact from the ordeal—the victors in a measure controlled by their resources—the vanquished in so far as a hostile supervision can be checkmated—have busied themselves reassembling the machinery of slaughter. On the other hand, the very governments which are appropriating billions of dollars to renovate their military establishments, or, in the case of the new nations, to build them up from the ground, are associates in devising some scheme of international comity which will render their use in the future either impossible or at least a remote eventuality.

Naturally the idealist and the cynic view the mystification from two standpoints. The former, however, depressed by the obstacles that rear themselves every time an attempt is made to translate ideals into action, persevere in a policy of congratulation and reassurance. For the latter, the net of the fowler is being laid too openly in the sight of the fowl for any illusion to be possible. He sees successive conferences or invitations to confer at the worst as manoeuvres for position before another trial of strength challenges the post-war settlement, at the best as a half-hearted concession to war-weariness, useful if the interval between a generation that knows war at first hand and one that well knows it by hearsay only, is to be bridged without calamity.

As generally happens when a situation has to be faced for which precedent is lacking, both the naïve view and the sceptical identify only a portion of the truth. In behalf of the first it can be argued that behind the dubious and disheartening tactics, the specious arguments and acrid give and take that every invitation to disarm seems to breed, a vague inclination—perhaps not amounting to more than what recent phraseology is teaching us to call a "velléité"—does lurk to find some less costly and less perilous method of realizing national ambitions than successive wars, with their doubtful result and their incalculable contingencies. Wisdom comes otherwise than by wishing. Two convictions at least were burned into the consciousness of the most chauvinistic in the years that followed June 29, 1914. One is that, for a long time to come, it will be impossible to localize wars. Such is the hyperaesthesia of national fear, suspicion and amour-propre war has left us as its legacy, that today even a threat of force on the part of one of the larger powers is sufficient to set in motion a thrill of apprehension that does not spare one of the community of nations.

Another and even more important lesson is that the "will-to-war" which renders catastrophe possible, is no longer under the control of cabinets and chancelleries. There is danger as well as hope in the intensified world-consciousness which is the net result of one triumph in communication after another. It is true that, in a sudden emergency, it can familiarize a nation that seems to be threatened, with the fact that its interests are the concern of a multitude of men of good will in the nation that seems to threaten. But it can also, by sowing rumor and innuendo on wind and wire, so completely outrun the slower action of diplomacy that it is an easy matter for an atmosphere in which peace is impossible to be created before diplomacy can get to work at all.

This being so, it would be thought that a study of just how the will-to-war on the part of peoples is created, was one that should preëmpt such palliatives to the war spirit as limitation of armaments, classification of naval strength by aggregate or individual tonnage, or the hundred and one details which arouse such bitter recrimination whenever they are aired as almost to justify the very cynical outlook just referred to. For to such things, it bears much the same relation as preventive hygiene bears to a major operation. Victory or defeat are now perceived by all who think afar, to be comparative terms. What is most vital to peace is a consideration of what is most lethal in war; the low national vitality, the material and spiritual burden laid upon generations unborn, the great truth, in a word, that those who take by the sword fail as well as fall by the sword.

Luckily, while the "practical" men of the world busy themselves in periodically providing bones for contention and matter for smart diplomatic notes, the larger issue is not escaping the attention of thinkers. Five Weeks,* by Dr. Jonathan French Scott, of the University of Wisconsin, is only the last of a long series of monographs which have sought to examine and reëxamine responsibility for the world war. But it stands in a class of its own by reason of this fact: Whereas other writers (notably Professors Fay and Barnes, Albert Jay Nock, Frederick Bausman, and the anonymous writer of the series signed Historicus, contributed to The Freeman four years ago) have sought to attach responsibility to individuals or definite groups, the entire thesis of Dr. Scott is that with one possible exception, there were no outstanding culprits at all. Personal responsibility disappears in the face of a host of convergent forces, inherited disabilities and mutual

**Five Weeks: The Surge of Public Opinion on the Eve of the Great War, by Jonathan French Scott, Ph. D. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.*

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misunderstandings, whose final harvest was violent and untimely death for 6,000,000 human creatures made in the image and likeness of God. "It is the contention of the writer [thus Dr. Scott sums up his conclusions in an introductory chapter] that the influence of public opinion in certain countries during the diplomatic crisis of the summer of 1914 was the most important factor in precipitating the war."

What created this fatal "public opinion"? Diplomacy? Only secondarily. As we read Dr. Scott's book (it is as engrossing and thrilling as a novel should be and very rarely is) we seem to be assisting at the gathering and oncoming of a vast hurricane at sea. There are deceptive lulls—breaks in the massing clouds. Only the most skilled of pilots note that the tide is lifting, the glass falling a little lower after each rise. There are good days and bad days, panics and recoveries. But always, perhaps from some quarter unsuspected, the wind sweeps in afresh, piling up the agitated waters to such a height that finally the choice before governments is to founder or run before the storm.

Francis Ferdinand falls on June 29. There are riots in Vienna; Serbian shops, schools, and restaurants are sacked by a crowd largely composed of Moslems and Croats. Two days later the Vorwarts reports "little feeling of sorrow for the Archduke." "People in Vienna," writes the correspondent of the Paris Matin on the very morrow of the demonstration, "are beginning to show their astonishment at the violence of the anti-Serbian manifestations." Responsible organs, including the semi-official Hirlap of Budapest, "see no ground for anxiety." "Wars of revenge," the Neue Freie Presse considers, "are out of the question." The Bourse is only slightly affected.

Unfortunately, the repercussion of the assassination in Bosnia cannot be confined within the frontiers of the country most concerned. In Berlin "the theory that Serbia was responsible . . . spouted spontaneously and spread rapidly." The fatal rumor that Russia may be behind the conspiracy is voiced in the Berlin press. As days pass and the investigation set on foot by the Vienna Foreign Office fails to produce facts to support the first theory, far less the latter, another symptom develops. A diplomatic humiliation for the Dual Alliance is anticipated and this gives rise to "irritation." The Kreuz-Zeitung foresees "an extremely delicate situation for Germany." The entire German press (so reports the correspondent of the London Times) seems "bewildered by the crime," and conscious of "flaws in the Dual Alliance." It is true the very journals which chide Austria for its spineless attitude "deprecate forceful handling." Nevertheless, this nagging by the senior partner, thinks Dr. Scott, was a main factor in stiffening Austrian action. Was it also a factor in producing what seems like the one deliberate crime in the catalogue of errors? This much is certain. When a report handed to Count Berchthold by his confidential agent Wiesner tells the Austrian foreign minister that conclusive evidence proving the complicity of the Serbian government is "out of the question," Berchthold, for reasons unexplained, "suppresses" the document.

It is illuminating to summarize the immediate consequences of the Serajevo slaying in the two Germanic countries. First, in Austria, a pardonable outburst of indignation (Dr. Scott asks us what the feeling in England would have been had the Prince of Wales fallen to a Sinn Fein bullet). Then a backwash of German anger, taking all the hasty accusations for granted, fed, moreover, Dr. Scott notes, upon a racial dislike for Serbians, which takes the strange form, as proofs which would justify it are not produced, of impatience with the old ally. Finally, one can hardly doubt, a determination on the part of the latter to supply them in one fashion or another.

By a crowning piece of bad luck the influence that is to do more than any other to inflame public opinion, comes from the country which has everything to gain by a sober and dignified attitude before the world. Dr. Scott makes no comment on the quality of the Serbian press in 1914. It is easy to realize that it comprised more than one sheet with taste and temper only comparable to the famous third estate at Eatanswill. But what is matter for mirth when confined to parochial issues becomes a danger to world peace when national bitterness makes the meanest rag that ever came off the press a mouthpiece for its expression. Lifted from their own smudged and ill-printed columns, the tu quoques of Serbian Potts and Slurks, their canonization of Prinzip as "a young martyr," their jeers at "a worm-eaten monarchy" and "crocodile tears," are so eminently calculated to render a peaceful solution impossible that even the friendly German ambassador at Vienna feels constrained to report his own opinion that the Austrian government is reproducing them with what to him looks like the deliberate intention of creating a war-temper.

The first stage of the imbroglio, during which peace was within easy reach, ended, though the world did not know it, on July 5, when Kaiser Wilhelm ("somewhat in advance of German public opinion," says Dr. Scott, guardedly) assured his Austrian fellow-monarch of full support in any steps he might see fit to take. The second, during which peace was still possible but only at the price of national self-denial, ended, as is well known, with the despatch of the Austrian ultimatum on July 23. What Dr. Scott terms the "psychotic explosion" followed simultaneously in Austria, Russia, and Germany, and is featured in such reports as: "This country has gone wild with joy over the prospect of war with Serbia" (Sir Maurice de Bunsen, from Vienna, July 27); "People of all classes are enthusiastic at the prospect of a war against the forces of Germanism" (Morning Post correspondent at St. Petersburg, July 27 and 28); or the Berlin Vorwarts story of the well-dressed crowd, thousands strong, who

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on July 26 "marched in closed ranks, hither and yon, hours long, roared and shrieked, and acted like thoroughly ill-bred louts."

Between the two dates lies the really dubious period of the crisis, and it is interesting to follow the reactions, in the countries which were to be involved, as one hope of peace faded after another.

Even in Austria, the French ambassador reports on July 24 that public opinion is "startled by the sudden and exaggerated tone of the note." A censorship of the press is adjudged necessary. Germany is better prepared. An inspired article, in the Norddeutsche Allegemeine Zeitung, familiarizes the public mind with the possibilities latent in the situation. Its result is a near-panic on the Bourse. Nevertheless the terms of the note, when made public, are read with "a distinct shock." But the merits of the case as concerns the protagonists pass quickly into the background. A desire to "localize" the quarrel takes their place, swiftly followed by the sinister phrase "strategic considerations." It is echoed in London, never very sensitive to the grievances of small or weak nations. Influential British newspapers suggest that Serbia shall, by giving in, remove "any excuse for an invasion." The Daily Telegraph makes the sporting proposition that efforts shall now aim at "the limitation of the area of conflict so that Austria and Serbia may fight out their differences [presumably at catch-weights] without entangling other powers." Even in France, where sympathy with Serbia has never been pronounced, and as late as July 25, German complicity remains "a rumor in the press." It is not until July 29, that a paper of the weight of the Temps concludes that "if Germany should reject Sir Edward Grey's proposition for mediation . . . civilized opinion would conclude that she desired war." Up to the eve of general mobilization, Serbia, on whose behalf all Europe is to be plunged into war and mourning, has not in all Europe a friend, save Russia.

To sum up: What Dr. Scott seems to have done better than any previous writer on the pre-war period, is to identify the successive stages through which peoples and governments pass during the transition from peace to the will-to-war. There is the "incident"—the causa causans—then hasty and ill-advised indignation, careless of its expression. A reaction to reason follows with the sober and influential minority. But at the moment it supervenes, repercussions from the outside world begin to arrive, and in a form that renders admission of mistake impossible if national prestige is to be preserved. Unless some "honest broker" makes his appearance, the next step is downward and inevitable. The mass of the people, quick to resent a slur on national vanity, press upon their governors. Unfortunately their spokesmen, whose support and incitement are responsible for driving a government into action, have no control over its nature or extent. The last phase is a chronic and intolerable condition of tension, to which any relief, even war with all its risks, is preferable; finally—"strategic considerations," or the dying end of peace. The theory that Europe "blundered" into hostilities in July and August, 1914, is shown by Dr. Scott to be untenable. Never has a war been entered into with so vivid a perception of its probable volume and extent, with all its possibilities so clearly envisaged in advance.

How far Dr. Scott's lesson is applicable to future eventualities is a matter of opinion. The theory that war breeds immunity to wars is more comforting than tenable. No doubt on any threat of war upon a big scale today instant diplomatic action would be brought to bear. But it should not be forgotten that the last war did not have its source in a quarrel between nations of equal status, but in disciplinary action inflicted by a great nation upon a small one. There is no present sign, but rather the contrary, that the great nations are prepared to abdicate their privilege of "keeping the peace" among the smaller fry by violent means when such seem good to themselves. It is disquieting to perceive, in news which has been filling the front-page columns of the press during the past weeks, an evil growth, whose roots the world had hoped were extirpated indefinitely, appearing afresh.

A parallel, very far from fanciful, might be erected between the arguments advanced to justify the expedition to Shanghai in the British Parliament and the arguments used by the involved rulers on the eve of the great war to sell a fait accompli to the ruled. Now, as then, it is far less the merits of the case for or against China than the dangers to national prestige unless it is settled one way, and that not China's way, that are advanced as the ultima ratio. The theory of a Bolshevist Russia, standing behind a quite natural resistance to dragooning, is used as confidently in the case of China today as the theory of a Czarist Russia doing much the same thing for Serbia was used in July, 1914. To a people only too prone to think in pictures, imperialism finds it far easier and more profitable to offer the vision of European women and children in peril than to defend an ancient history of force majeure. Dr. Scott notes that the crime at Serajevo did not so much arouse anti-Serbian feeling in Austria as "dramatize" a feeling of dislike already in existence. Dramatization, at some crucial moment, remains the great danger to which peace is subject. Between will-to-force and will-to-war the transition is brief and instant. One of the wisest men who ever lived has told us that there is no quarrel which cannot be composed if only the element of contempt be kept out of it. Unless this element of contempt, which bulks so largely in international relations, can be removed once and for all, it is to be feared that peace must remain at the mercy of circumstances which change daily, and that our present immunity may prove to have been merely an illusive interregnum while another generation was ripening for the shambles.

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OUR CHANGING CONSTITUTION

By MARK O. SHRIVER

THE trend toward federalization and democratization of the republic which began with the reconstruction period at the close of the war between the states, has steadily increased with the passing of the years, and we are now submerged by the tide. There is constant effort to vest more and greater powers in the national government. In the beginnings of our history we were, as the Supreme Court declared in deciding Texas vs. White, an indissoluble union of indissoluble states, but that theory is well on the way to, if not long since cast upon, the smouldering ash-heap of lost ideals. By constitutional amendment, by statute, and by judicial construction, the states are slowly, but none the less surely, being stripped of the powers reserved by the Tenth Amendment to themselves and to their people.

Education, childbirth, roads, and countless others are first aided and then dominated and controlled and regulated by that authority at the capital. It would be bad enough if the effort were confined to the legislative field, but simple laws do not satisfy the demands of those who seek to lower the states to the plane of counties or departments. They insist on an amendment to the Constitution itself and so manifest a sad misunderstanding of our constitutional theory, a lack of knowledge of our history. And not only is power centralized and concentrated, but at the same time it is diverted from proper activities and directed to the rule and conduct of the every-day activities of the citizen.

The basic idea of what a constitution should be is lost, and with it has gone a just conception of the principles on which the government was founded. The Supreme Court has defined a constitution as that rule and system of government delineated by the hand of the people by which the first principles of fundamental law are established. Today the constitution makers are attempting to determine, not principles of organization only, but principles of administration as well.

The strength of the Constitution as it was originally drawn lay in a carefully conceived system of checks and balances. There was provision for many separate jurisdictions; provision for each of the separate states and provision for the Union which, together, they were to establish. Each of them was to be supreme in the proper sphere, each was to have rights, privileges and immunities upon which the others might not impinge—which should not be infringed. New York was as distinct from Massachusetts as England from France. Each was as distinct from the Union as one thing could be from another. The form and frame of government was set up and defined on broad general lines, and petty, unessential details were ignored. There was provision for the three great departments, the legislative, the executive and the judicial; for the interrelation of the states and their peoples; for the admission of new states and a guarantee of the republican form of government for all; there was an amending clause and finally the proclamation of the Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof as the supreme law of the land.

Simultaneously, almost, with the adoption of the parent document came the first ten amendments, the great federal Bill of Rights, all properly considered a part of one homogeneous plan. Each of them is designed to further protect and safeguard the rights of the states and the citizens of the states; to repress and prevent extension of federal power and prerogative.

There were no changes of real or vital import until the close of the Civil War. The break came with the so-called war amendments, designed to rivet defeat on the states which had seceded to establish the Confederacy. In them is seen for the first time that clause of threat and menace: "Congress shall have power to enforce the provisions of this article by appropriate legislation." That might have been looked for in the Third Amendment forbidding the forcible quartering of troops in time of peace, or in the Fourth protecting citizens against unreasonable search—indeed in any of that first ten, but it will be sought for there in vain.

Those ten, in substance a part of the constitution of every state as well, are indeed universal law, and surely Congress would have been granted power to enforce them had modern theories prevailed in 1787. Until after 1866 there was never question of the power of Congress fully and perfectly to enforce any constitutional provision. That phrase was coined and hurled as a vae victis and crammed into the war amendments because the growth of federalism demanded it. And, incidentally, Congress then received a power it dares not exercise today, the power to enforce by appropriate legislation the second section of the Fourteenth Amendment, limiting congressional representation where the right to vote is, in effect, if not in law, restricted or abridged save for participation in rebellion or other crime.

The Thirteenth Amendment abolished slavery, and the Fifteenth, coming with it, enfranchised the newly liberated Negro so that for years the states where Negroes congregated were to all intents denied the right of self-government until by subterfuge and evasion other amendments had been circumvented. These with the Fourteenth, the civil rights amendment, comprise the group of three that arose from conditions following the Civil War. For the first time now is seen a declaration of such a thing as United States citizenship in connection with citizenship in the states, and

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the provision that no state should abridge privileges or immunities of citizens of the several states. For the first time the federal government was empowered to reach down into the very vitals of a sovereign state and establish restrictions on the regulation by it of the domestic concerns of its own citizens.

The Sixteenth (income tax) Amendment, a new grant of federal power, is yet only an extension of the taxing powers declared by the first article, but the Seventeenth manifests a mighty change in popular appreciation of the character and structure of the government. Like the Twelfth, it alters a method originally proposed and substitutes election of United States senators by direct vote for election by the state legislatures. Under the original plan congressmen were to be apportioned according to population and the numbers of the people, and were to be chosen by them. Senators, coming from the states which were all free sovereignties, were to be evenly allotted, two to each, as is proper in an assembly of equals, and they were to be chosen by the states in the only way a state can act, that is by and through the legislatures. This was a long step in the gradual change that is turning our sturdy representative form into a stumbling, federalized democracy. It is a continuation of the unhappy process which is wiping out state lines, obliterating old sovereignties, stripping them of every vestige of power and authority and dignity.

The phrase raised its ugly head again with the Eighteenth Amendment, this time in new and startling form, for not Congress only, but Congress and the several states, are given concurrent power to enforce. The double sanction, however, means little since federal law is supreme law and the Supreme Court has said that, since Congress has once acted, while the states may indeed assent by enacting identical legislation, when the question turns on state enforcement of federal law, the states are without power. This is not the place to express a view on the wisdom of prohibition, since for the present purpose, the importance of this amendment lies in the fact that by constitutional provision the national government reaches down into the homes to prescribe dietetic details for individuals in every one of the states. Who of the founders ever dreamed of such an extension of prerogative? Hamilton, could he speak, would be as strict a constructionist as any one of us.

Of the Nineteenth (woman suffrage) it need be said only that, like the Fifteenth, it is an attempt to regulate suffrage within the states by federal act. Not one of all the amendments since the Twelfth but strips the states of one more power of sovereignty, reducing them still more in the civic scale until they reach the level of a conquered province, adding the while to federal dominion. Ominous shadows of distinct and dangerous federalization are over us. America has come to the parting of the ways, and those who love her tradition and honor her history may well cry out with Horace: "O navis referent in mare te novi fluctus." Turn back before the tempest overwhelms you.

MICHAEL FIELD AND THE BELLS

By SPEER STRAHAN

I FIND no mention of bells in the poetry of Michael Field. Yet it was altogether appropriate a few weeks ago in England, when the old mediaeval ceremony of consecration of bells was observed at St. Bridget's, Isleworth, near London, probably for the first time since the reign of Mary Tudor, that the first bells blessed should be named for the poets, Michael Field. It is easy to imagine that the minds of those present must have echoed one of their last lyrics, "She is singing to Thee, Domine!," which was strangely enough almost the death- or life-cry of both poets.

For, of course, as everyone now knows, Michael Field the poet was not a man at all, but two beautifully educated and cultured Englishwomen, Katharine Bradley and Edith Cooper, aunt and niece respectively, who labored together for over forty years in a poetic partnership so completely one in imaginative impulse and effort that, we are told, the poets themselves could on occasion hardly identify their own work. As young women in the early 'eighties they had commanded and kept the enthusiastic admiration of such various persons as the Brownings, George Meredith, A. C. Swinburne, and Havelock Ellis, yet the joint pseudonym, chanced upon in whimsical humor in 1885, brought them a flattering attention they could hardly have hoped for. The unknown Mr. Field was greeted with acclaim by critics who spoke of his "brilliant distinction" and "Shakespearean penetration"; and the "ring of a new voice" was announced, "likely to be heard far and wide among English-speaking peoples." Later, for some reason still obscure, the praise turned to resentment and then to indifference. Perhaps the knowledge of the true sex of the poets was not revealed with sufficient tact to the tender susceptibilities of the reviewers of those days, perhaps the poets put themselves outside any groups even mildly engaged in literary log-rolling; whatever the cause, during the latter half of their careers they had to work steadily against an almost complete lack of public interest in them. In 1907 they became Catholics, that event being occasioned by the death of a chow-dog and the reading of the missal, and their biographer tells us, "it was only then that they ceased, or almost ceased to be, tragic poets."

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It was no ordinary change of belief that brought these two vivacious, vivid creatures ("my two dear Greek women," Browning had called them) into the Catholic Church. In their case it meant so complete a transformation of intelligence and sympathy that indignant friends accused them of inconsistency, and they joyously agreed; they had been inconsistent before, but not now. Their poetry changed and deepened also: one looks in vain through the earlier books to find anything that really foretells the lyric plash and flow, the rich and mystical utterance of the last two volumes of religious verse, Poems of Adoration, and Mystic Trees, published not so long before the tragic deaths of the poets from cancer, that of Miss Cooper in 1913, and of Miss Bradley, a year later.

In the wide range of English verse, and one speaks after some reflection, I can think of no more sustained and lovely expression growing root and blossom out of suffering than this later poetry of Michael Field. The themes they had touched upon in a succession of books from the early Sight and Song to Wild Honey, printed about the time they became Catholics, are touched on again here, but with such a difference—the difference between creative sympathy and the conviction of a personally experienced belief, the difference between mere distinction and authentic poetry. The miracle is, certainly, that it is young poets' poetry, written by poets who have found their youth again. Miss Bradley and Miss Cooper have already taken their places in a small and very select company of English lyricists, with spirits like Isobel Pagan, Emily Brontë, and Christina Rossetti. It was a happy thought to memorialize them by bells; the chimes of St. Bridget's, Isleworth, will, indeed, be vocal of them.

Time was, of course, when such a ceremony was common in England, during those intense centuries when the spires of all Europe burgeoned and blossomed with spikes and clusters of bells. From the time of Charlemagne onward, bell and romance rang together through French forest and English meadow, from the bells of Whitby, ringing at the death of Saint Hilda, to the chapel of Launcelot and the Green Knight, from Laon to Roncevaux and back to merry Lincoln, whose bells were rung by unseen hands. To your genuine mediaevalist it was no more incongruous for Huon de Bordeaux, home from Babylon with the fair maid Esclarmonde, "with a thousand bears, a thousand hawks, a thousand young varlets and maidens a handful of the prophet's beard and four of his greatest teeth," to sail up the Tiber amid the pealing of bells, than for all the bells on earth to ring as the Holy Family sailed into Bethlehem on Christmas morning.

Once they were chrismed, bells became holy things. To ring them was a task so honorable that a special order of the Church, that of ostiarius, was entrusted with it. In the latter middle-ages, special gilds and confraternities were organized for the purpose and paid for the privilege. Thus the Gild of Saddlers in the time of King Henry III paid eight pence to ring the bells of St. Martin-le-Grand. Change-ringing grew popular—even the great Burleigh counted it among his accomplishments. The famous Society of College Youths was one of the many organizations dating almost from the time of Sir Richard Whittington who have left behind wise and witty rules in rhyme, manifesting an admirable devotion to skyey music.

With the soft chimes of Chester or Lincoln ringing over one, a man could afford to lose his sense of time. Can this be the reason your mediaeval monastic chronicler or artist so frequently fails to distinguish one age from another, as all the centuries blend and blur about him, till in his illuminated psalters he could paint with meticulous hand King David robed and crowned, playing upon bells, till Duke Virgil of Naples might at any moment step out on the page to join hands with Morgan-le-Fay and King Arthur? The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were far from being periods of naïve, undisciplined thought and expression, yet to them Troy had been but yesterday, and eternity seemed all about them. Perhaps it was the hourly chime of bells that caused them to confuse the changing and the unchanging years, which made all centuries beyond the living present, which held Christ, seem vague and trivial.

The loss and destruction of English bells between 1535 and 1545 was not the least of the tragedies of the Reformation. The bells of monasteries, collegiate churches, and religious houses were plundered and confiscated, turned to secular uses, and so frequently shipped beyond the seas that Parliament passed acts against the practice. Occasionally they were drowned, as at Wells, Lynn, and Yarmouth, and legends grew up about their ringing underseas.

From the first English centuries onward, the pleasant jangle and peal of bells was over all the land, and in a country where a traveler could go scarcely five miles in any direction without passing some religious house or other, it seems hardly too much to say that all England lived within physical hearing of their sounds, from the earliest lady bell before dawn through the long litany of saunce, ave, gabriel, and vesper bells till the last chime at night called in the darkness for prayers for the souls in purgatory. The rest is silence!

Certainly the world does not turn backward. But in an age of shifting standards we may permit ourselves to wonder what sort of an age the bells of Isleworth will usher in. Another English church, that at Lowe House, Lancaster, will soon begin the installation of a carillon of sixty-two bells, to be completed by 1929, to mark the centenary of Catholic emancipation. One's mind is suffused with memories at the thought of bells named for the witty chancellor, for gentle Fisher, and the brave Carthusian martyrs, sounding again over English fields after a silence of 300 years, to mark the same Mass about which all those furious, bright centuries we call the middle-ages whirled and flowed as about an unmoved centre.

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AFTER A CENTURY OF BEETHOVEN

By ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

ON THE evening of March 26, 1827, a man, having received the last sacraments of the Church, lay dying in a house in the Schwartzspanierplatz, Vienna. A violent storm had arisen as night fell; hail and snow were driving violently against windows and roof. A bolt of lightning suddenly struck nearby, and a loud clap of thunder deafened the watchers by the bedside. The man thereupon opened his eyes, shook his clenched fist above his head, and in this attitude of defiance gave up the ghost.

Thus ended the mortal career of Beethoven, recognized and celebrated as the creative musician par excellence, after 100 years. Critics, musicians, and lay public now unite in honoring him—for various reasons. Some of these reasons are ridiculous enough. In Beethoven, for instance, our genius-worshippers discover the possessor of an ocean of temperament. They recall that he threw eggs at his cook; that he was careless of his clothes and of the cleanliness of his person; that he tramped through the country roaring his tunes in a frightful voice, with his long black mane flung to the breezes; that his performances at the piano caused the tears of his auditors to stream unchecked down their cheeks, after which he laughed at them wildly and called them hogs and asses; that he hired rooms, and then refused to live in them; that he improvised the Moonlight Sonata for a blind girl; that he fell desperately and vainly in love with scullery-maids and countesses; that he outraged and insulted archdukes and princes; that he passed his last years in the (for him) unspeakable anguish of deafness, brought on by a syphilitic disorder; that even his death was in the highest degree spectacular.

Some of this is apocryphal, but much of it is, unfortunately, true, and all of it has supplied a vast fund of curious evidence for those who, forgetting the examples of Bach, Haydn, and Brahms, think of the ideal composer as one necessarily afflicted with a daemonic mania. Ambitious keyboard-ticklers also, often think that if they can only act with sufficient eccentricity, they will be able to transform themselves into Beethovens.

But on an occasion such as this centenary we might do well to rid our minds of the merely picturesque and theatrical, and disregard the accidents which made Beethoven appear as a practical joker, a contortionist and exhibitionist. We might more profitably listen to his music and grasp its meaning, if we can. And here again we must subduct and disregard a few more accidents. We must, for one thing, try to rid our minds of the dramatic associations it is prone to evoke. Listening to the opening crash of the Fifth Symphony, we must hear the sounds themselves, and refrain from calling up fantasies of the blows of fate or of the drunken porter at the gate. Even in the case of the Pastoral Symphony, which includes avowed imitations of nightingale-songs, murmurings of a brook, dancing peasants, lightning, thunder and rain, Beethoven was careful to signify that he meant, not portraiture, but rather a general and ideal expression of emotions.

Nor must these emotions be too definitely conceived. In so far as they are formulated so as to correspond with the concrete, they are irrelevant to the essential values of the music, and should be disentangled and cast into the rubbish-heap. If we can hear in Beethoven nothing but the rhythms of marching armies, the heart-beats of secular love, the muscular flexions accompanying spasms of hatred or joy, we waste our time in listening to it and in celebrating a century of its dominance of salons and concert-halls.

For it is as a mystic seer—or, perhaps, less offensively and more accurately expressed, as an intuitive discoverer—of sound-forms which we can recognize (at once, or after much study) as realizations of absolute, eternal spiritual values: it is as the prophet or mediator-artist, that Beethoven should command our minds. Before he composed, the practice of music had been wavering between two functions, neither of them very creditable to the practitioners. On the one hand, it had been employed as an intensifier of situations, more or less dramatic, as in the Italian and Mozartian opera. On the other, it had been designed to break up and relieve blank stretches of silence, much as wallpaper is (sometimes) artistically designed to relieve the monotony of blank walls.

Beethoven rescued it from its latter function as a time-killer for noble but idle patrons. His compositions were popular, in the right sense of the word, because they provided stimulation and elevation even for such persons who were not merely bored, whose time, being valuable, did not have to be filled up, or destroyed, by the contemplation of meaningless patterns. He was also, in a more superficial sense, the liberator of the professional musician from the thraldom of serving a few wealthy masters (in which respect his achievement corresponds closely with that of Dr. Johnson in literature) by reason of his undisguised contempt for the patronage of the mighty.

The designs he created, then, had more than a negative value as mere relief from blankness. But he also avoided, for the most part, the opposite pitfall of a descent to dramatic imitation and the stage. In his best work, as Dannreuther has put it, he "speaks a language no one has spoken before, and treats of things no one has dreamed of before; yet it seems as though he were speaking of matters long familiar, in one's mother tongue; as though he touched upon emotions

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one had lived through in some former existence. The warmth and depth of his ethical sentiment is now felt the world over, and ere long it will be universally recognized that he has leavened and widened the sphere of men's emotions in a manner akin to that in which the conceptions of philosophers and poets have widened the sphere of man's intellectual activity."

Consider, now, his great Mass in D, his Missa Solemnis, which is justly ranked, together with the Ninth Symphony and the last quartets, as his greatest, most profound (and hence, in the minds of many, his most incomprehensible and "difficult") work. Dismiss as grotesquely irrelevant, whether true or not, Schindler's description of its birth-agonies: the Master in a deserted house, stamping, shouting, howling over the fugue on Et Vitam Venturi; his sudden appearance, wild, disheveled, faint with toil and twenty-four hours' fast. Give ear to the music itself (it was performed last November by the Society of the Friends of Music and the Philharmonic Orchestra in New York, and may soon be performed again). Does it not provide us with a genuine release into the infinite? Does it not tap the mysterious reservoir of the beautiful; does it not somehow make articulate those religious moments which mere words can only approximate symbolically?

"One is no longer in church," said Saint-Saëns in describing this experience, "one does not know where he is." Saint-Saëns's idea was correct, but his expression, like that of most musicians, including the great Ludwig himself, was poor. One is decidedly and precisely "in church"; one forgets the physical nature of his surroundings and is immersed in an ecstatic contemplation of divine verities. Count Keyserling phrases it somewhat better: as the "opening of the consciousness to the influences which are awaiting liberation in the innermost depths of the soul, which, when liberated, connect the spirit directly with God."

Beethoven's great Mass does that, and in this respect it surpasses the Missa Papae Marcelli of Palestrina, Bach's Mass in B-minor, and Brahms's Requiem; for when listening to those works, magnificent as they are, we can still remember that we are in church, in an edifice of stone and glass. But Beethoven here demonstrated that he was a spirit to whom every tree did indeed say, "Holy, holy." The same, or analogous, realizations attend an understanding audition of the other works which crowned his career: the piano sonata in C (opus 111), the quartet in B-flat (opus 130), the Choral Symphony.

What does it matter that he also produced a vast quantity of cheaper stuff; that he was an eccentric in his actions? Let us rather celebrate his soul as it expressed its moments of unity with itself and God, when it rose above his world of petty occurrences and confused emotions. These he overcame before his end: as he himself declared, "I will as far as possible defy my fate, though there must be moments when I shall be the most miserable of God's creatures."

CHAOS AND ANTIQUITY

By CHARLES D. MAGINNIS

NOW and then we are made peculiarly conscious of the difficulties our mad world is making for the future archaeologist. It is with something akin to pity we contemplate this precisionist a century hence submitting to his cautious, discriminating analytics the shifty and heterogeneous phenomena of, say, modern New York.

Possibly nowhere as in our premier community is it quite so deliciously revealed to us that the highways and the byways of history have been blown to smithereens and the débris is crashing about our ears. Every haphazard square mile of it is filled with vivacious demonstration of the breach. Singularly unhistoric-looking streets are positively choked with the symbols of alien and irrelevant societies. Sophisticated skyscrapers make whimsical confession of indebtedness to Gothic mediaevalism, and the latest metropolitan bank counts its dimes in the atmosphere of remote Byzantium. No ancient thing is longer safe in the retirement of the dusty niche to which history once consigned it. The goggles which modern science has contrived for us have opened so tremendous a vision as, for the time, to paralyze unconscious utterance. And so, in our helplessness, we are compelled for a period to an architecture of reminiscence which sets curiously on a civilization so unctuous of its own novelty.

It is pleasant occasionally to turn from this confusion for a backward look into a quiet and charted antiquity. To such enjoyment Mr. Kenneth Conant's story of the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela,* told with copious illustrations of drawing and photograph in a volume stamped by the distinguished craftsmanship of the Harvard University Press, furnishes rare occasion.

To trace the evolution of a great cathedral through the centuries from its remote beginnings, noting all its vicissitudes of fortunes, its encounters with unsympathetic hands and the disconcerting fluctuations of national taste, is surely a fascinating exercise of scholarship. And there is romance besides in the history of Santiago. Tradition has it that the body of Saint James the Apostle, who was beheaded in Jerusalem in the year 44, was brought to Spain by two of his disciples and buried in Compostela in a tomb built upon ground given by a pious woman; that an altar was erected upon the relics and that the disciples themselves, in the course of time, were interred in the tomb chamber.

During the Moorish occupation the episode appears to have been forgotten, and it was not until the year 818 when the hermit Palayo, attracted by certain mys-

**The Early Architectural History of the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela, by Kenneth John Conant. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press.*

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terious lights issuing from a dilapidated building in the neighborhood, made report of the circumstance to the Bishop Theodomir of Iria nearby, whose investigation convinced him that the burial-place of the Apostle was thus supernaturally revealed. The critical instinct of the author is obviously uneasy at this conclusion which, in the absence of supporting evidence, would seem to have been largely an operation of faith. Save for the corroborating circumstance that the little building is of classical date, he finds only implication for the authenticity of the relics which motivated the artistic drama and the long centuries of pilgrimage that furnish the matter of his erudite volume.

Soon after the discovery of the tomb, a small apse was added by Alphonso II, but it was the third Alphonso whose generosity made possible a structure of more worthy scale which was completed in 896 in the pre-Romanesque or Asturian style. The author examines this and the subsequent phases of the architectural development of Santiago with an astonishing minuteness of research, patiently assembling and analyzing much involved and contradictory matter, developing in the process a wealth of most entertaining speculation and conjecture.

With the next step, he reaches surer footing—the inception of the great cathedral of the eleventh century, product of that Romanesque vitality which flowered in the series of notable churches of the pilgrimage roads. Of this Romanesque fabric the noble interior with its splendid sweep of transept has come down to us comparatively unscathed. For a perception of its exterior character, however, we depend upon the careful restorations of the author and the old drawings from the Museum of the Sociedad Economica. These reveal a spacious and rather incoherent picturesqueness, vastly interesting indeed, but from a study of which we turn at last satisfied that fate was so discriminating.

The prodigious Gothic influence had yet to be encountered, but this swept over with almost no disturbance to the integrity of the structure. Acknowledgment of it appears in the accretion of certain oddly-related chapels of the chevet apse, in the large lateral chapels and sacristy off the south aisle and in the great cloister. Noting the variety which the organism of the huge cathedral had by this time acquired through the growth of subsidiary buildings, a variety which would have yielded rare felicity in a Gothic translation, one is sensible of a regret that the tremendous process of revision to which the cathedral was later to submit itself had not synchronized with the maturity of that incomparable style.

It was left, however, to the latter half of the seventeenth century to begin the amazing task of grafting upon the old fabric the countenance of the regnant renaissance. Under various arcihtects and at varying intervals the work of transformation was carried on, beginning with the formalization of the apse and culminating in 1750 in the superbly exuberant transformation of the western façade by Casas y Nóvoa. What an odd task confronts us now between the mediaeval sobriety of the interior and the external opulence, suggesting to the fancy the ascetic soul of the old cathedral in the vestments of pontification!

If the art of the renaissance in its religious associations be not of high critical repute, the arresting picturesque quality of its exploitation here disarms the purist of style. Mr. Conant's mediaeval sympathies are known to us and the fine architectural discrimination so active throughout his studies is, therefore, in notable relief in his admirable tribute to the metamorphosed exterior.

"No one," he says, "who has seen the building at all times of the day and in all weathers, who has paced the Plaza del Hospital at midnight beneath the mounting pointed shadows of the towers with their great quiet-lying flanking masses to either side, and made the tortuous circuit of the church in the tranquil dimness of that hour, would care to have the cathedral different. It is perhaps just as well to be contented with the building as it has come down to us, for it has always been to an uncommon degree a living building, and its mediaeval aspect, fine as it was, is only an episode in a life of unusual richness."

THE KING'S HENCHMAN

By GRENVILLE VERNON

WHETHER or not The King's Henchman, the lyric drama by Deems Taylor and Edna St. Vincent Millay produced recently with astonishing success at the Metropolitan Opera House, is to be the precursor of a school of veritable American opera, the fact remains that it is by all odds the most effective work of its kind which has yet come from the pen of an American musician. Whatever may be its ultimate fate, and operatic works are notoriously short of life, it has destroyed once and for all the twin superstitions that no Anglo-Saxon composer can write an effective opera, and that the English language is unfitted for lyric song.

Mr. Taylor has in it proved himself a master of the technical side of his craft, a composer perfectly at home in the theatre, with a sure knowledge both of its possibilities and its limitations; and Miss Millay has produced a libretto combining a high literary and poetic excellence with a choice of words suited for musical investiture. The result has been one of the most interesting operatic novelties of recent years, a work which if on the musical side possessing no particular personal note or originality of utterance, is yet in a theatrical sense extraordinarily effective. And as for Miss Millay's libretto, it possesses in addition a nobility of thought and utterance such as shown by no operatic work of recent years with the one exception of L'Amore dei tre Re. The tumultuous applause which rocked the walls of the staid old Metropolitan on the night of Thursday, February 17, was neither the evocation of a claque nor a merely friendly greeting to a worthy patriotic effort—it was the spontaneous recognition of a dramatic and stirring work such as no living composer might have been ashamed to have produced, and very few living librettists could have produced.

I have said that Mr. Taylor's score possesses no particular originality of utterance, but it is none the less the score of a

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musician of unusual powers. It is primarily melodic, and it is based fundamentally on the diatonic scale, with the occasional employment of more modernistic methods when these methods are effective. Mr. Taylor is therefore in his opera an eclectic. He has borrowed from Puccini, from Debussy, but most of all from Wagner. He has also employed one old English folk-song with admirable effect. It is in the love music of the second act that he is least successful. Here the feeling will not down that finding his own fount of emotion running dry he has drawn great drafts from the pages of the great Richard without transmuting them in his own imagination. The final pages of the opera are, on the other hand, the best, for though these are also Wagnerian in spirit, the nobility of Miss Millay's poetry apparently inspired the composer to trust more freely to his own invention. Throughout, his orchestration is opulent, sonorous, and full of color. His writing for the choruses is masterly, and though there are no set lyric melodies which will be remembered, he has written admirably for the voice.

The performance was worthy of the work. In Mr. Serafin's conducting, in the singing of Mr. Setti's chorus, in the scenic investiture of Josef Urban, the Metropolitan put its best foot forward. To the part of King Edgar, Lawrence Tibbett gave the full resources of his admirable voice, a fine dignity of bearing, and a diction of unusual clarity, while Edward Johnson's Aethelwold possessed all the authority and skill in vocal delineation which American audiences have learned to expect from this artist. It lacked, perhaps, a little of the heroic quality of an Anglo-Saxon hero, but it was poetic and at times even inspired. Miss Florence Easton was excellent vocally, though visually she was scarcely fitted to impersonate the vain and youthful beauty of the forests of Devon. William Gustafson as Maccus and George Meader as the Archbishop Dunstan were both admirable, and the lesser parts were capably taken.

There have been some voices raised proclaiming that because The King's Henchman has for a setting the forests of Anglo-Saxon England that it is therefore not truly an American opera. This is, of course, absurd. Tristan is the story of a British hero and an Irish princess, and Aida is laid in ancient Egypt, yet both are among the supreme glories of the German and Italian lyric drama. It is not the plot which counts, but the settors. Any composer who writes music personal to him writes music of the country to which he belongs. Who is to say what is or what is not American music until such a composer arrives? That Mr. Taylor is not yet that composer is perhaps true, but that he is not has nothing to do with the story he has chosen. If in his next opera Mr. Taylor produces a score which bears his personal stamp, that opera will be American, whether that stamp takes the form of melody or of dissonance. It is to be hoped that in his next opera that stamp will appear as it has not appeared in The King's Henchman, but at least until it does let us be grateful for the fact that America has at last produced a musician who knows the requirements of the theatre, and a librettist who is a poet of singular beauty and nobility.

Sky-Line at Night

Step by step like lighted stairways
Thresholding the skies,
Balustraded buildings span
Immensity that lies
Between man-made realities
And God-made paradise.

GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN.

COMMUNICATIONS

LOU FÉLIBRE D'IRLANDO

Buffalo, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The article, Lou Félibre d'Irlando, by Charles Roger Miller in The Commonweal of January 26, gave me the strangest feeling of pleasure mingled with sadness. Like an echo of long dead years the name Bonaparte-Wyse flashed on me from the printed page. I recall having heard as a child the expression (if memory serves) "Anne Laetitia Bonaparte-Wyse"—perhaps the Laetitia came first, perhaps it was Madame instead of Anne. The "Laetitia Bonaparte-Wyse" stands out distinctly and the story was that the lady had made herself very obnoxious to her non-Catholic neighbors (of the Orange variety doubtless) by decorating the soles of her slippers with bows of orange ribbon and parading the streets or the walks of her estate so tricked out in scorn of the observance of July 12. My mother was a native of Dungarven, a seacoast town of the County Waterford.

How she learned of the lady's manner of showing disdain I do not know, for the manor of St. John's, Waterford, must have been near the city of Waterford—distant, as distances were regarded in those years, from Dungarven. The incident may have been recorded in a Waterford City journal and reproduced in the paper of the smaller town. To the best of my recollection, Madame Laetitia Bonaparte-Wyse was obliged to take absent treatment after her performance. I had been curious in later years about the Bonaparte part of the hyphenated name, but if my mother had explained it the facts had lain dormant in my memory too long to be awakened in a flash.

The article is indeed of great interest and value, and Mr. Miller is to be congratulated on giving many readers so unusual a piece of biography and fascinating literature. May we hope for more from the same pen on Provençal literature?

MARY E. GIBBONS.

"TWO RELIGIONS" OF ANGLICANISM

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of February 16, I find (advertised on the outside page of your magazine in large type, and ranked next to Father Martindale's wonderful defense of the Church) an article by a Protestant Episcopal minister exploiting the Anglo-Catholic myth, the most insidious error of modern times—an error which keeps thousands of earnest Christians out of the Catholic Church (which did keep me out for many years) by teaching that Anglicans are just as good Catholics as "Romans" (a little better!); that the Pope isn't any more necessary to Catholicism than any other bishop! For if the "three-branch" theory, boldly stated in the second paragraph of Mr. Whitehead's article, be not wholly false, then the "Roman claim" to be the One True Church is a preposterous impertinence—which is exactly what Manning and all the enemies of the Church have always said. For unless the Catholic Church is the Roman Church, and no other, then all converts are fools, and all the English martyrs suffered in vain.

You will probably reply that a signed article does not express an editorial opinion. Of course not, but the man in the street doesn't realize that; neither will educated Episcopalians who read in a Catholic paper such statements as: "The fact that the Protestant Episcopal Church is an integral portion of the great Anglican communion, one of the three historic branches of the Church founded by Christ, as distinct from any sect. . . . It is, too, . . . the typical ecclesiastical body. Its pecu-

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liar relation to the Reformation movement gives it a logical [!!!] position as the ideal basis for ecclesiastical unity."

The harm that may be done by giving publicity to such heresy is incalculable. "There, I told you so!" I can hear my Episcopal friends say. "Roman Catholics are acknowledging at last that we are the real Catholics!"

I request you to publish my letter, as I wish to find out how other Catholics (and especially converts) feel about this matter.

MARION PHARO HILLARD.

(We regret that an additional explanatory note did not emphasize, what is often implied by discursive articles appearing in The Commonweal, that the editors do not share the opinions expressed. Dr. Whitehead's article seemed to us worth while, not because it restated an Anglican theory formulated years ago, but because it reflected contemporary movements inside the Protestant Episcopal Church which might be more than usually interesting to Catholic observers. We sincerely deplore any misunderstanding that might have been created, although we feel that reactions to the article are distinctly valuable in so far as they reveal issues really at stake—issues some of which, at least, have been discussed from both points of view at the Vienna Conference and elsewhere. Dr. Whitehead's paper was designed to appear as one in the series of articles on problems of church union, which we have been publishing in response to the Holy Father's plea for interest in this matter.—THE EDITORS.)

CZECHO-SLOVAKIAN DIFFICULTIES

Hartford, Conn.

TO the Editor:—I find the letters of Father Novajovsky and Mr. Fiša very interesting. The religious question is not the whole trouble nor is it the most important question. To tell the truth, I think that Mr. Fiša should not lay stress on the personality of Dr. Sramek (Sramek has no use for Slovaks or for things Slovak); on the presence of some Catholics within the cabinet; or on the Congrua Bill improving the material status of the Catholic clergy—whatever he means by this insinuation. Receiving his instructions from Praha, he knows that the opposite is true. For example, Mr. Fiša knows that the President of the Czecho-Slovakian republic is of the same conviction today as in 1895 when he expressed himself thus:

"Every conscious son of the Czech people finds in the history of our reformation his own ideal. Every son of the Czech people who knows Czech history must decide either for the reformation or for the counter-reformation." (The Czech Question.) He himself has decided against the counter-reformation. In his pamphlet, Europe from the Slav Point of View, he states that the Vatican is the enemy of the Slav people and should be renounced with all its works and pomps by them. This pamphlet was published privately in Boston when he last visited that city, and was distributed among friends.

Hlinka, in his Slovak, January 19, 1927, states his reasons for going over to the government and one of the reasons is Communism.

The editor of the Slovak v Amerike tries to justify Hlinka's move—because "Jednota" does not like this step of Hlinka's—by saying: "He sees into the faraway future, and for this reason he has gone to the side of the government. Seeing that Communism is taking root and spreading, he wants to prevent its advance. In order to bring this about, his entrance into the government was brought about. However, Hlinka does not go ahead too rapidly, thus giving the people a chance to catch up with him. The people are with him."

So thinks the editor of the Slovak v Amerike, but the Separatists agree to disagree with him. They agree that Communism is spreading, for the people are hungry and have no work, but they are not so sure that going over to the government will help the people.

Švehla, the prime minister, pleaded for the safety of the republic, and because Hlinka is not against it, he went over to the government. It remains to be seen whether Švehla and the "Maffia Association" will remember this service or not.

JOZEF A. SKODA-SCRIBNER.

AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA FOR CATHOLICS

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—A most impressive reason why Catholics should have their own encyclopaedia came to my attention recently. The following words were addressed to the managing editor of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and are self-explanatory:

"In your article, 'Brownson, Orestes A.' in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopaedia, and most probably in the later editions, there appear several errors of fact. The entire article should be recast, for it is most obvious to anyone interested in Brownson that it was written by a party whose ideas of this American thinker were neither numerous nor distinct.

"In regard to the most glaring error of fact, which you might easily verify, allow me to quote the following from the article: 'Of his numerous publications in book form, the chief during his lifetime were: Charles Elwood, or The Infidel Converted (1840, autobiographical) in which he strongly favored the Roman Catholic Church. . . .'

"Dr. Brownson did not enter the Catholic Church until 1844, and it was not until 1857 (I believe) that he published the work which told of his conversion to that religion. It was called The Convert, or Leaves from My Experience. The work mentioned in the article referred to was a record of his religious transformation from a rank sceptic to an adherent of a very diluted form of Christianity. In this work (written, as you will note, four years before he entered the Roman Catholic Church) he expressly rejects Catholicity as unsuited to the age. On entering the Church he disavowed this book."

Contrast the article appearing in the Britannica on Dr. Brownson and the very satisfactory article about him in the Catholic Encyclopedia. The latter work, for reasons of which the above is but one out of many, is indispensable to the Catholic who would be well informed.

F. E. M.

IS PRIVATE CHARITY DANGEROUS?

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Concerning Mr. Gladstone and a recent court decision in England, it is refreshing to recall that the welfare of homeless girls in certain notorious sections of London was his chief private charity, a personal charity, not undertaken through an organization and paid workers. It is recorded in one of the Gladstone books that one of his private secretaries was made aware that people hostile to his chief had observed him on one occasion, when he brought home some forlorn woman from the street and kept her in his house till he could send her to Mrs. Gladstone, in the country, who provided places for his rescues. The secretary told him of the scandal. Gladstone is said to have replied: "I feel very deeply for you that you should think it necessary to tell me this." Is it possible that private charity is becoming dangerous?

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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POEMS

Benediction

Let me grow quiet
  In this sanctuary!
My flesh is hot with the burning of the sun;
  Let me creep close to this altar
Where cool waters run.

Let me kneel at Benediction
  Swaying with the music
Of twilight,
  Straying down cool aisles
Where verdue swings its incense
  And evening walks with surpliced step
To light the candles of the night.

Here will I cool my hot body,
  Here will I bathe my heart
In the waters of love.

I shall rise refreshed
  With the pressure of God's Hand on my brow
To steady me while I stand,
  In the heat of another day!

MARGARET LEE KEYTING.

Oasis

High-walled from restless desert winds
    And pillager,
One garden in the waste of years
    He kept for her.

Grey acres of long soil, sown thick
    With bitter days,
And thorny hedges hid the spot
    Of happy ways.

For there was beauty, peace, and joy
    Of glinting wings,
And crystal waters cool from love's
    Eternal springs!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

March

About her head she wraps a cloth of grey,
Then, like a bustling housewife, brisk and keen,
Singing a noisy song with spirits gay,
She sweeps the hills and fields and valleys clean.
She takes the tattered covers from the trees
So spring may hang her flowered draperies;
Wipes off the frosted coat from every stream
That each may like a brilliant mirror gleam;
And, when her eyes no other tasks discern,
Calls back the truant birds to welcome spring's return.

ALBERT HARLEN CASTLE.

Girl

Like a deer
  In a wild wood,
Is her
  Maidenhood.

Like a deer
  Uncaught
Is her
  Shy thought.

Like a fleet deer
  Springing,
Is her
  Singing.

Let me be
  The pool at whose brink
Her heart, that lean deer,
  Comes to drink.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

Fog

Fog, like a new and dreary continent,
Builded its formlessness upon the sea;
And the negation of all color rent
The day's foundations which fell silently,
Or with a thunder that was never heard:
Only the foghorn—shuddering of iron—
Screamed foully like a vulture-throated bird:
And silence and the fog were our environ.

What was the use to say the sun was there,
There to the east, the way the compass pointed,
When ghosts of darkness walked upon the air
And sinisterly, with their oils, anointed
The sea; subdued at last, chained with a spell;
A leaden highway leading on to hell.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

Winter Stars

Watching Orion and the Pleiades,
The Milky Way and bright Aldebaran,
He felt less lonely having such as these
For company when winter nights began.
Above the fields of snow the Dipper hung;
Pensive and beautiful, Polaris gleamed;
A lunar goddess and a dim star sung—
He leaned upon the window-sill and dreamed.

Here was the margin of the world, a house
Set back apart from neighbors, and so he
Had but the spider and the gnawing mouse,
The wind, a howling wolf for company.
But there was still that fire of red flame, Mars,
The heavenly acres, burgeoning with stars!

HAROLD VINAL.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Granite

HERE is one of the clearest examples of an unsatisfactory play so handled and modulated by an expert director as to become an exceedingly interesting and, according to box-office rumor, successful production. Starting as a repertory piece of the American Laboratory Theatre, under the direction of Richard Boleslavsky, Granite will now move to a Broadway theatre. Thus Clemence Dane, the authoress of A Bill of Divorcement, eventually lands at her goal, having entered by one of the many artistic little back-doors now in evidence. The story is typical of the new forces that are at work in the theatre today.

Granite has been available for some time in book form. Numerous managers have had the chance to appraise it. It was also given in England a short time back. But it demanded the constructive imagination of Boleslavsky to see how the alteration of one bit of stage "business" a minute before the last curtain could bring the story to proper dramatic proportions. The author and the public both owe him a debt of thanks for what he has done.

The scene of the play is in a cabin on the granite island of Lundy, off the coast of England, a century or more ago. Jordan Morris, having taken him a wife from London, has settled down to building a fortune by setting false lights and reaping the benefit from resultant shipwrecks. His wife, Judith, hates him, and, as the play opens, is listening enraptured to the sea tales of Jordan's brother, Prosper Morris, who has returned from service under Nelson. Her mind has become warped through her lonely struggle. She defies God, Who has failed to grant all her desires, and calls on the devil. As if in answer to her prayer, a shipwrecked convict is cast at her door. She takes him in, offering him a home and food in exchange for work. He makes a pact with her. He will be her servant and protector. If any man lays hands on her, he will avenge her.

Judith's temper drives Jordan Morris to violence. The Stranger shoots him on the edge of the cliff—leaving Judith free to marry Prosper and to salve her own conscience with the thought that she did not actually commit the murder. A year of happiness follows with Prosper—then a moment of jealousy on Judith's part, because of Prosper's attentions to little Penny Holt, a bond-servant in the house. Prosper lays hands on his wife. To her despair, the Stranger again fulfills his pact. Prosper is thrown from the cliff against Judith's anguished protest. The Stranger returns to the cabin. Judith accuses him of being the devil. He laughs. "Devil a bit!" He wanted a farm and a woman. Now he has both. "I am stronger than you are!" says the Stranger.

And this was the play as Clemence Dane left it—the Stranger placing his hand on Judith's shoulder. It was an unfinished play. We had nothing but the Stranger's own word that he was the stronger. Whether you accepted the play as an allegory, along the familiar lines of Faust, or realistically, the question still remained whether Judith would yield, or struggle and be defeated, or, perhaps, triumph. The play seemed to require a last act in order to complete the dramatic cycle. Now what has Boleslavsky done to alter the play's significance? Simply this: After the Stranger has killed Prosper, he returns to the cabin and sits nonchalantly at the head of the table. Judith accuses him, standing far off. He laughs. "Devil a bit!" Then, instead of placing a hand on her shoulder, he beckons to her. She starts to go toward him, drawn involuntarily by his eyes, like a Trilby under Svengali's spell. Then the Stranger says his last line—"I am stronger than you are!" But now you believe it. You have seen the evidence of his strength before your eyes. You know that Judith has sold her soul and must pay the price. The Stranger is not making a challenge. He is simply asserting an obvious fact. And the dramatic cycle is complete. Note that not a word of the spoken text is changed. But the whole meaning is changed through pantomime. This is the most clear-cut example of creative direction I have seen. Not that other directors fail to do the same sort of thing. They are doing it constantly. But we seldom have the advantage of a published play to show us the difference that so often exists beween the author's original intention and the completed work.

The marked success of the play is only another example of the fallacy of assuming that the public likes only happy endings. Real drama, well directed, holds as well today as ever. In the present case, the play itself as directed triumphs over faulty casting as well. The Laboratory Theatre deliberately handicaps itself at the outset by trying to develop talent along diversified lines instead of casting strictly by "type." Judith Prosper is a rare part for a fine emotional actress. It should be played with a combination of smouldering fire, pent-up passion, and, in the scenes with little Penny Holt, with an outpouring of maternal instinct. Miss Blanch Tancock fills none of these requirements. She plays Judith throughout with stentorian hardness—vocally and emotionally. There is no variety. Even her facial expression is as fixed as the granite rock of Lundy. Instead of becoming the protagonist of the granite, she becomes one with it, so that the play loses much of its potential contrast and drama. In giving Miss Tancock the opportunity that this rôle affords, Mr. Boleslavsky has been unfair to his public.

The rest of the cast, however, makes up in large degree for Miss Tancock's deficiency. Mr. Robert H. Gordon makes the Stranger a rare combination of the human and the sinister. H. V. Gellendre is a downright Jordan, and George Macready an engaging Prosper, honest and quite innocent of any suspicion of Judith's evil bargain. Frances Wilson, whose comedy was the outstanding feature of The Straw Hat, plays little Penny Holt with a fresh innocence utterly disarming. On the whole, this is a notable addition to the more serious plays that are being offered this season.

The Master-Builder

A COMPLETE picture of Miss Le Gallienne's achievement on Fourteenth Street demands a review of Ibsen's Master-Builder—one of the better established pieces of her current repertory. As in the case of John Gabriel Borkman, Miss Le Gallienne has shown a tendency to select Ibsen's less frequently acted plays, and in this way to give her public a glance at other sides of the Ibsen character than those typified by Hedda Gabler, The Doll's House, Ghosts, and The Wild Duck.

No amount of drenching in Ibsen can convince me that he was a truly great playwright, no matter how forceful his crafts-

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manship. His range of interest was too confined to problems of pride in one form or another. He lacked the quality which sets genius on the works of Shakespeare—that is, a universal sensitiveness to all forms of human emotion. He was, essentially, a man imprisoned within the walls of his own personal obsessions, unable to reach out and understand problems differing from his own. Shakespeare could write of three such totally different personalities as Hamlet, Macbeth and Othello, all within the bounds of tragedy, not to mention his flights into pure romance or slapstick comedy. Can we imagine Ibsen creating a Romeo, a Falstaff, and a Malvolio?

The Master-Builder is, of course, a story of fear-stricken pride before a fall. And, lest anyone should miss the moral, the fall is made literal in the last act, when Halvard Solness falls from the tower on which he has just placed a wreath. It is also a play illustrating what the modern psychologists would call the power of the idea to realize itself, for good or evil. But the theme and its illustration are so painfully obvious throughout that we hear the machinery of plot squeaking. We are always conscious of the labor of intention and are never carried away by the surge of inspiration. When young Hilda Wangel comes into the home and life of Solness and his embittered wife, one almost expects to see a printed label on her back, with the words: "This is my old pride of youth come back to me."

Under these circumstances, no little credit is due Miss Le Gallienne for doing her utmost to humanize Hilda Wangel. Her interpretation of this part has stirred up considerable comment and criticism. It has its moments of dangerous symbolism, but one hardly sees how the lines of the play would permit anything else. It is, rather, an attempt to give Hilda a much needed reality, to make her a being apart from Solness, capable of influencing him through the ordinary channels of human contact. If Solness himself makes her a symbol, that is quite enough, and merely another demonstration of the way we exercise self-love by seeing ourselves in others. But to the audience, Hilda should be simply herself. And that is what Miss Le Gallienne makes her—sturdy, humorous at times, impulsive, mistaken, by turns pitying, contemptuous, and proud. This is an interesting production of a not very interesting, because too obvious, play.

A Lady in Love

DORRANCE DAVIS, who committed The Shelf earlier in the season, has now given us a pseudo-Restoration comedy on the persistent theme of infidelity. He has surrounded his story with all the familiar trappings of a Congreve play, but has given it little of the alleged sparkle of that master of double meaning. He has tried in many instances to sharpen the taste of his lines by modern colloquialisms mixed with antiquated figures of speech, and has injected for good measure many foul lines that are but thinly disguised as double-meaning wit.

To say that the utterly and always delightful Peggy Wood has lent her services to this strange concoction is only to emphasize the fact that clear varnish does not cover up stains. It is quite on a par with seeing Ethel Barrymore in The Constant Wife. Because you are perfectly aware that the distinguished actress stands for something better than the part she plays does not make the intention of the play any better. It merely lends glamour to underlying grossness. If forced to make a choice between two evils, let us have coarseness speak for itself. That is by all means more honest than letting it drip through dainty mouths.

BOOKS

Verses New and Old, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

White Music, by Arthur Truman Merrill. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

Hours in Arcady, by Charles Richard Williams. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50.

The Flame of Ireland, by Teresa Brayton. New York: The author. $1.50.

Sardonyx, by Danford Barney. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

Star-Gatherer, by Jamie Sexton Holme. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

The Unrisen Morrow, by Mary Sinton Leitch. Philadelphia: Dorrance and Company. $1.50.

Silhouettes Against the Sun, by Arthur Crew Inman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

Spiritual Songs, by Hugh F. Blunt. Manchester, New Hampshire: The Magnificat Press. $1.50.

Enough Rope, by Dorothy Parker. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

Dymer, by Clive Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

Flesh and Spirit, by Kate L. Dickinson. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

Dark of the Moon, by Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Moon Shadows, by Sherman Ripley. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

Citadels, by Marguerite Wilkinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Ignis Ardens, by Merle St. Croix Wright. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

I Sing the Pioneer, by Arthur Guiterman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

Faust in Spring, by Angela Marco. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

Reflective Twilights, by Carolyn Ruth Doran. Boston: Cornhill Publishing Company. $2.00.

The Land of the Sky-Blue Water, by Nelle Richmond Eberhart. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

Wind-Tossed Leaves, by Victor Zorin. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

Convent Echoes, by Sister M. Paraclita. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00.

Ports of Call, by Lena Whittaker Blakeney. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

Lady of Dreams, by Virgil McGovern. New York: The Franciscana Press. $1.00.

Herb Woman, by Eleanor C. Koenig. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

Dust and Spray, by Harold Leland Chaffey. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

Runes and Cadences, by R. Emmet Kennedy. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.

SWIMMING against the tide would hardly describe it, and boating up Niagara seems too tragic an image with which to typify the deluge, the landslide of the poetry of the season. Like fish in mighty shoals come poets big and little—jumping dikes, cutting nets, flashing and splashing in covers and wrappers that shame the rainbows and aurora borealis, whispering pleading, shouting, threatening, cursing, and even snoring in

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the very face of the most hardened critic and book-reviewer. But some of them reach the fishmongers and must be trimmed and cut for the market. This large consignment must be promptly delivered and so—John Galsworthy's Verses New and Old warrants the apology in his preparatory note. He has done well to abandon the muse for the more practical lady of prose. In his little book there is nothing to commend save a clear statement of rather prosy moods.

A small garland of exotic, somewhat chaotic songs, full of color and flashes in the Bakst manner, make up Arthur Truman Merrill's White Music. It is a gallant attempt to outdo the modern impressionist and shows some aptness for rhythmic effect and some character not altogether realized.

Hours in Arcady bear leisure, if not boredom, on their wings. It is the poetical residuum of years of editorial work on the New York World and the Indianapolis News, and the note of the periodical sifts through the verse, bidding all starled editors and newspaper critics to bethink them of their own fate.

The Flame of Ireland—an ardent title that will appeal to many hearts—bears a message of song and sentiment from a poet who has long had an appreciative audience among lovers of Ireland and her lilting songs. Teresa Brayton's The Flame of Ireland ought to have a large sale, if only for its quiet humor and humanity.

Danford Barney contributes a book of well-considered expatriate poems entitled Sardonyx. Old Edward Fitzgerald was quick to scent the transformation of the poet into the artist and our young Americans abroad seem to be without this prescience. The world needs poets who will stay poets. There are plenty of Ezra Pounds and Edgar Saltuses: art is too often merely the refuge of dreamless souls.

In Star-Gatherer, one encounters some superior singing and some unaffected poetry of a moderate power. The book has the melancholy of achieving something that one will never need—a blameless, creditable performance.

Mary Sinton Leitch produces a little sheaf of modest singing in The Unrisen Morrow—a prophetic title to describe her gifts as a poet.

In Silhouettes Against the Sun, Arthur Crew Inman anticipated his critics. In Answer:

> "One critic calls my work 'magnificent,'
> Another 'sardonic,' another 'strong,'
> Another 'shoddy.' Eh? Well precisely,
> Good, sirs! I write of these United States."

After which it would be dangerous to express a further remark, except to say that there is not a rhyme in the whole volume.

In Spiritual Songs, one discovers rhymes a-plenty, and amid them there is to be found occasionally a cloistral blossom of true religious poetry. The poet's mood is expansive and no quotation could show the general holy uplift of his book. It is singing well above the average of pious poetry.

Dorothy Parker in her Enough Rope claims a place beside the studio-fire. Her work is clever; the flout of the verses may always be looked for in the last line, where the vicious Charleston kick usually occurs. It is cheap fun and there are very many cheap people in the audience.

Dymer is not so amusing: it has the wit of Hamlet played in long trousers. Byron would have shivered at the shattering points of its so-called wit and undeveloped situations. The arrangement into cantos, the regularity of its rhythms and rhymes seem satirical of the older poets. It isn't bad: it isn't good. They say the youngsters like it.

Kate L. Dickinson reveals herself in Flesh and Spirit as a poet touched with the mystical aura that suggests Emily Dickinson more than Louise Imogen Guiney. Her religious songs are quite superior to the pieces in which one looks for the immediacy of life. Altogether, her book is one of modest merit.

In Dark of the Moon, the poet Sara Teasdale bears out the quality that caused Jessie Rittenhouse to denominate her "the Elizabethan of today." It shows a pure rare stream of song, a very charming personality, a highly tuned music that is altogether modern. Her Effigy of a Nun is remarkably fine and fails only in a full grasp of the spirituality of the cloister: it is an analysis that fails to analyze itself.

Moon Shadows is a book of good rotarian verse, correct and regular in its sentiments and metres.

Marguerite Wilkinson in her Citadels holds fast to the strong places of poetry. There is a discretion in her choice, a correctness of expression and a fine temper to her spirit that win admiration from the first glance. Little touches of a very delicate humor show the sanity and security of her gifts. It is a book to tempt the quoter but, alas, the sunset hour is at hand!

Ignis Ardens is full of ambitious aspirations, of the philosophy of a long and active life and the autumnal retrospections that make up so large a part of the corpus poeticarum. It is goodness without greatness.

Arthur Guiterman succumbs to a newspaper call in I Sing the Pioneer and gives us metrical pictures of personages like Washington, Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, and Fray Juan Padilla, interspersed with delightful little songs that bespeak the real poet that he is. As usual, supreme technical excellence is evident in his work.

Faust in Spring reveals a poetical nonchalance, a mundane cleverness, discovering a charming personality not, in a rigid sense, inspired.

Reflective Twilights has aspects of strength and inspiration that call for admiration, even in the consciousness that the moods are somewhat repetitive of greater poets and grander times. Carolyn Ruth Doran does not seem to have lived into her singing and the serious note in her poetry seems to be instructed rather than realized. The texture of her poetry is solid and the trite word of promise may be sincerely whispered here.

The Land of the Sky-Blue Water contains an introduction on the writing of song lyrics that ought to prove of value to many of our composers of songs and the text that accompanies them. Nelle Richmond Eberhart was associated with Charles Wakefield Cadman, the author of many popular American songs, and her outlining of their experiences with their settings, with publishers, the public, and performers of their lyrics, is of value and interest at the present time. Prominent in the volume is the well-known lyric from which it takes its title, as well as texts of several other popular melodies.

Wind-Tossed Leaves is caballistic in some of its features, scholarly in others, and not too poetical "for a' that."

Convent Echoes bears a foreword from Kathleen Norris, who tells us that this is "not polished poetry, here is none of Francis Thompson's mystic profundity, none of Mrs. Meynell's tortured involutions [these novelists!] but it is sincere and simple and free, the spontaneous effervesence of a soul that cannot bottle within itself the glory and the beauty of the love and service of God."

In Ports of Call, one may make the Mediterranean tour with a pleasant poet companion, Lena Whittaker Blakeney. Many

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have shared the delightful experiences of the author, and the tourist bureaus are still advertising new jaunts with countless romantic opportunities.

The old troubadours and knights-at-arms found their successors in the cloister. Saint Teresa and the sons of Assisi took over the earthly challenges and serenades, and from cloister to cloister a gallant joust and feast of song was sent to God and Mary and the saints. Friar Virgil McGovern of the Minims has joined these hooded lists and gives us a Lady of Dreams, indicated in his lines:

> "Though a monk locks his body in a solitary cell,
> His soul soars free among the stars."

In Herb Woman, Eleanor C. Koenig reveals a real talent, authentic and fine, marked with a very definite limitation in its reach. She has a dramatic sense rare among our minor poets.

Dust and Spray are not very solid particles and the volume which Harold Leland Chaffey produces under this title is not altogether misnamed. Its content proves to be amiable verse of a light character.

Runes and Cadences is a collection of verse, prose and musical notations made up out of an intimate knowledge of the beauty in the Gaelic fragments of antiquity and presented with a charming nonchalance and a spontaneity of spirit that are very attractive in effect. It is minstrelsy in a very modern sense: a boyish snatch of song, a run of scales over the piano or harp, a shadowy tale in the twilight of the hearth or the hidden corners after the feast. There is high social quality in R. Emmet Kennedy's work and it will be interesting to see it put into use.

And still they come, they flock, they flash—the poets, the poets—more poets!

THOMAS WALSH.

My Mortal Enemy, by Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

A SELFISH, grasping old woman, who husband has become her mortal enemy because in old age she cannot forgive him for the harm she did him in youth, is treated by Willa Cather in her latest sketch in a most astounding way. For the character-study of Myra Henshawe affords the author an excellent opportunity to expound numerous and varied revelations through the medium of this demented old woman—especially so since Miss Cather apologizes for her in the early stages of her infirmity, by saying:

"She isn't people. She's Molly Driscoll, and there never was anybody else like her. She can't endure, but she has enough desperate courage for a regiment."

Miss Cather takes Molly Driscoll, petted and adored niece of an Irish immigrant who had become a middle-western town idol after he had made his fortune in convict labor, makes her elope with a German free-thinker, and then, after a glimpse of the couple in New York that should warn the reader of what is about to be expressed, she skips ten years and picks up the thread again in a ramshackle hotel in the West where she puts Myra Henshawe through her paces, finally leaving her to die "alone with her mortal enemy," propped up against a tree and gazing out over the sea.

With a firm economy of method, a wholly admirable subtlety, a technique that is none the less sure for being unobtrusively present in the simple, faultless unfolding of her story, the author accomplishes, without seeming effort, the goal of all novelists—the imprisoning of a soul between the covers of a book. The uneventful life-story of Myra Henshawe seems scarcely

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epic in its retelling, but Miss Cather's artistry makes of it a tragedy worth the knowing. To fashion a moving human story from the slender material of Myra's life, was an infinitely more difficult task than any of the author's other portraits of women. There was nothing of glamour about Myra, and to take a wealth of what appears at first to be trivial detail, and weave it into the pattern of a perplexed soul of a woman, is no mean achievement. Her understanding, which she conveys to the reader perfectly, is complete and never falters. She is never coldly unpitying in her attitude, and at no time is she sentimental.

We have Miss Cather's word for it that the mortal enemy of the title is Oswald, Myra's husband. But it seems rather ridiculous that this man who is at times the very sublimity of negation and is always the gentle, loving husband, should be a force of destruction to the turbulent Myra. Her own warped soul was her chiefest enemy. Oswald's very gentleness and his uncomplaining submission to his lot is enough to arouse the ire of the malignant Myra—but there the blame is more the woman's than her husband's.

"People can be lovers and enemies at the same time, you know. A man and woman draw apart from that long embrace and see what they have done to each other. Perhaps I can't forgive him for the harm I've done him. Perhaps that's it. In age we lose everything—even the power to love." Thus spake Myra.

If she was crushed by the forces of fate, then surely she was the mill of the gods, chosen to grind exceedingly fine the bitter-sweet of life for her unconscious victim, her husband.

JOHN M. KENNY, JR.

Essays and Addresses on the Philosophy of Religion: Second Series, by Baron Friedrich von Hügel. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

INSIDE the English-speaking world, Baron von Hügel was the antithesis of Hegel and, to some extent at least, the complement of Cardinal Newman. It was his fate to deal, as a religious philosopher, with the ideas of God and the Church, of religion and religious history, which various modern thinkers developed from Hegelian beginnings, which in turn had their origin in Spinoza. The struggle which this singularly candid and sincere layman faced was, therefore, personal in the first instance and representative in the second. He could not divine the psychological states of modern minds so subtly and helpfully as Newman was able to; but he had a magnificent grasp of accumulated scholarship, of historical fact and philosophic definition, such as the luminous Cardinal did not possess. His conclusions were welded in the forge of an intense Christian faith, but the materials used were modern and abstruse.

That is why the Baron is such difficult reading. The essays and addresses collected in the present volume are not nearly so formidable as his Mystical Element of Religion, but even so they bristle with sentences which must be read as slowly as one scrutinizes a palimpsest. What Newman renders crystal clear, Von Hügel seems to make obscure. And yet the reason is probably just the intellectual terrain upon which he took his stand—a terrain roughened by academic phraseology and philosophic dicta, upon which it was impossible to move unless one exercised the greatest care. The Baron never considered himself an apologist. Indeed he may have felt, in all humility and charity, a certain contempt for persons who could so glibly and fluently "defend"—with their eyes closed. He was simply a philosopher desirous of accounting for his convictions and certain that the treasure of his life—religious faith—could alone ransom the world.

Some of the papers included—notably the first—recall controversies now so nearly buried that they ought not, perhaps, have been exhumed again. No doubt Von Hügel was to some extent sympathetic with currents which later developed into modernism. But it was the sympathy of one philosopher with another, practised of old by Saint Justin. His own faith gave every shred of his personal confession a genuine ring, and sometimes almost a touch of rapture. Thus he speaks of "God, our liberty, and our home." Such a paper as Suffering and God, perhaps the best in this book, is not only an exhaustive consideration of a highly important subject, but also a fervent statement of mystical conviction. Note the concluding paragraph:

"For indeed dreary and petty, oppressive and imprisoning, is our poor little life, on its surface and apart from God and from His merciful condescensions toward us. But we would not know our misery, we would not feel it as such, were there not saints and heroes around us, and Christ our Lord above us, and, encompassing all and penetrating all, God—not a Sufferer, but indeed the Sympathizer, God Joy, and Ocean of Joy, our Home."

As mysticism becomes a subject more widely discussed, it will become necessary to consult Von Hügel again and again. He has written the sanest and, on the whole, the most reverent words regarding this tremendous aspect of religion yet stated in English. Other concerns and activities of his may interest us comparatively little. Nevertheless, it is well that many should read the queer but illuminating treatment of The Difficulties and Dangers of Nationality, or even the complex essay, On Certain Needs of Religion. Baron Friedrich von Hügel was one of the noblest figures in the modern English Catholic renaissance. Nor will the good he strove to accomplish die with him. Beyond that it is, perhaps, just as well to admit that his study of theology did not profit from his status as a layman. However well prepared he may have been as a scholar and a Christian, he lacked that indispensable something—a mysterious grace, perhaps, of the priesthood—which crowns ordination and the sacred ministry.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Bernard Faÿ: L'Esprit Révolutionnaire en France et aux Etats-Unis à la fin du XVIII^e Siècle. Paris: Edouard Champion.

MUCH has been written in English on Franco-American relations during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, but almost exclusively it has dealt with diplomatic, political, economic, or military relations—with the career of Lafayette, Beaumarchais, or Franklin; with French contributions to the American Revolution; or with American contributions to the French Revolution. It has remained for a French scholar, Professor Bernard Faÿ, to discover and trace the essentially intellectual interrelations of France and America at the dawn of a new era.

A new era did dawn in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. It was then that the modern world, as we know it, was fully prefigured in the events of the American and French Revolutions. For these Revolutions did far more than to make the United States politically independent of England and to change rulers in France. They inaugurated the almost universal breakdown of what for centuries had been distinctive of western society and civilization—class distinctions, privileged position of landed noblemen and churchmen, corporate con-

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duct of industry and trade, state-supported Church, and Church-maintained charity and education. They substituted individualism and nationalism under the romantic banners of "liberty, equality, and fraternity." Thenceforth there was a leveling: "gentlemen" were brought down to the grade of men, and men became simply citizens; all men adopted uniforms—the shorn heads, the severe trousers, the dull blacks and tans and navy-blues of a world grown wildly chaotic in thought and strictly conventional in dress. Therein lies the story of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries!

It is hardly conceivable that the story of our own modern era could be what it has been without the achievements of the American and French Revolutions and without the intellectual interrelations of Frenchmen and Americans in the eighteenth century. To the study and presentation of these intellectual interrelations Professor Faÿ has brought a splendid personal equipment, as rich as it is rare, and all the lucidity of the best French prose. A professor in the University of Clermont-Ferrand, he has made frequent visits to the United States and has had access to and understanding of a vast mass of literary and historical documents on both sides of the Atlantic. A Catholic intellectual by training and conviction, he has full and sympathetic knowledge of all those intellectual currents which since the eighteenth century have run counter to Catholic philosophy and theology. His book is at once historically sound and inherently interesting. It is a great book. No wonder that the American Historical Association has made Professor Faÿ the recipient of the first award of the Jusserand Prize for the best history of Franco-American relations and that the prize has recently been presented to Professor Faÿ in Paris in the presence of the American Ambassador and the French Minister of Public Instruction.

I shall not attempt to describe the contents of the book. It should be read by everyone who can read French. Suffice it here to paraphrase, in English, its concluding summary: "To see in the intimacy of France and the United States only a democratic labor is too narrow a view. As a matter of fact, America aroused in Frenchmen the taste for romanticism. By its physical beauty, its diffuse religiosity, its spontaneous liberty, it inspired eager and sensitive minds, like Chateaubriand's, to conceive a modern literature, religious and sentimental, wherein liberty should be the daughter of light, wherein the intoxication of nature should be pious and enlightened, wherein strangeness and dreaming should be in the present and not in a hidden past. On the other hand, into America France brought Catholicism, the arts, the theatre, and French refinements. She awakened a thousand contradictory desires, and infinitely enriched American civilization."

It is a shame that this great book has not yet been translated into English. Someone should do it forthwith.

CARLTON J. H. HAYES.

Integrity in Education, and Other Papers, by George Norlin. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

DR. NORLIN, president of the University of Nebraska, is a thoughtful and sometimes a stimulating essayist. The present collection comprises a number of papers relative to modern educational problems, and a few ventures into the interpretation of Greek thought and culture. There is much wisdom in Ethnology and the Golden Age, and a refreshing insight in a treatment of Isocrates, entitled That Old Man Eloquent. As a critic of modern intellectual tendencies, Dr. Norlin's chief recourse is a comparison of Attic poise and mental development with the disjointed heterogeneousness of modern-

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ity. He is inclined to think we have become a congeries of uneducated specialists; that the "religion of progress" will not do; and that some form of pragmatic sanction must be agreed upon as the final guarantor of the validity of our intellectual effort. The following passage is not merely typical, but good enough to deserve quotation:

"The great difference between the contemporaries of Sophocles and ourselves lies not in any improvement of mentality. It would be a rash man, it would certainly be an ignorant man, who would claim for us a superior intelligence, a superior wisdom, or even a superior general knowledge. The difference lies in the fact that there has been stored up for us by scholars and scientists from generation to generation an immense reservoir of knowledge. Someone taps this reservoir at one point and we have the steam engine; someone taps it at another point and gives us the dynamo; someone in like manner gives us the gas engine or the airplane.

"And so invention is added to invention, mechanism to mechanism, wheel to wheel, wire to wire, friction to friction, noise to noise, until we have, whether for good or for ill, that vast and intricate machine, that appalling complex which we call our industrial civilization. To live in the thick of this confused complexity is not, as many seem to think, in itself a liberal education. What of the mental poise, what of the broad outlook, what of the understanding, what of the wisdom to control and use to good purpose the accelerating speed, the growing power, the increasing wealth of our time? Surely the most swaggering optimist can hardly escape some feeling of misgiving as he becomes aware of the increasing power of the industrial revolution to reduce human life to machinery, to condemn us to see life in fragments and live it in fragments, with no comprehension of the whole, with no integrating vision to give meaning and zest to our isolated tasks."

AMBROSE FARLEY.

The Midnight Court, and The Adventures of a Luckless Fellow, translated from the Gaelic by Percy Arland Ussher. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

The Monks and the Giants, by John Hookham Frere. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.00.

THE MIDNIGHT COURT of Brian Merriman, an eighteenth-century Gael of Clare, is certainly Rabelaisian in many of its features, as its publishers take care to inform us. The early French as well as the early Irish achieved a certain distinction in the filthy style that is well borne out in what W. B. Yeats calls a "vital, extravagant, immoral, preposterous poem."

There is in Spain a fifteenth-century writer of the same class, with whom closer comparisons might be made were the public more familiar with his work—Juan Ruiz, the Archpriest of Hita, who could fling insults and dirty slurs with a magisterial efficiency, and a barn-yard flavoring, equal to this new Irish slopmonger who is now presented to us, whose work is authentic diatribe, ferociously honest in its rages, and graphically intense in its nude displays. As a document of human degradations and vices it may prove of interest to scholars with a nose. Confessedly it is Irish, just as are, at the other extreme, the dreams of Tir-nan-Oge. It is a good human document for those who have lost their gusto for the artistic inspirations of literature. The second poem, The Adventures of a Luckless Fellow, from the Gaelic of Denis Macnamara, is a poem of kindred sort but of inferior spirit and originality. It is the work of a scribe who knew some Latin, enough, it seems, to qualify the full vigor of his Gaelic—or is it borsecker?—delirium.

That The Monks and the Giants is a work of sophistication, is amply attested by the professional introduction prepared by R. D. Waller of the University of Manchester, who traces the element of its humor in a study of the Italian romancers, Pulci and Boiardo, Teofilo Folengo and their English imitators and translators of Hudicras, Beppo and Don Juan, to be followed in varying currents by Walter Scott, Thackeray, and Barham's Ingoldsby Legends. Aside from the library-fireside flicker of its rather heterogeneous allusions, its humor seems rather thin and wheezy in these modern airs. Here and there are vigorous touches that prepare the mind for a scene or action that never transpires. The general effect is gouty and asthmatical.

RODERICK GILL.

The Book of Robert Southwell, by Christobel M. Hood. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 7/6d.

MRS. HOOD'S edition of the shorter poems of Father Robert Southwell is a delight. Her introduction offers all the available information in compact, easily readable form, quotes interestingly from valuable letters, and describes the literary making of the poet with more than a little insight. It is strange that a spirit so sacrificial and so pure should have sprung (as our author describes) from stock which had profited by monastic spoliation and had failed to be loyal to the Faith. Father Southwell's Burning Babe is the poem which all modern readers know, even if they seldom realize the character of the author. Ben Jonson's comment, preserved by Drummond, ought to be noted: "That Southwell was hanged yett so he had written that piece of his The Burning Babe, he would have been content to destroy many of his." But hanged he was, at the conclusion of a period of martyrdom which can now be recalled, as a stave in an old, sad song, at a moment when the Catholic bells of England are ringing out again.

The selections offered in the present volume—one is grateful for the faithful typography—are all lovely and characteristic. Father Southwell's gift was genuine, and he extends his hand across the centuries to his modern Jesuit brother poet, Gerard Hopkins. Much might be quoted, but I prefer to advise the reader to procure this charming, well-made book for himself.

PAUL CROWLEY.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Now you've started me," complained Dr. Angelicus to Euphemia, as he viewed the open magazine before him.

"Started, or startled?" queried Euphemia.

"You have always startled me," explained the Doctor, "but just now, you have started me."

"You talk as though you were a Ford, or a Victrola," said Euphemia. "What have I started you doing?"

"Reading magazine advertisements," explained Angelicus.

Euphemia peered over his shoulder to view a full-page announcement headed in large type: "What Women Have Told Me About Their Dancing Partners."

"Oh, Doctor," she exclaimed, "you shouldn't read that!"

"Why not?" inquired the Doctor.

"You're too young. Some day, perhaps. Here; give it to me."

"I'll do no such thing," declared the Doctor.

"It's getting impossible to supervise your reading," mimicked Euphemia. "I may as well give up my solicitude for your intellectual welfare. Now, if you would only spend your time on the classics—"

"But this is a classic," protested Angelicus.

"Well, what have women told 'him' about their dancing partners?" inquired Euphemia.

"Hum—I thought your feminine curiosity would over-balance your solicitude," commented the Doctor.

"Not at all, for I know you have already read the worst," said Euphemia, "so my solicitude for your intellectual welfare prompts me to inquire what that worst is."

"I dislike," said the Doctor, "to disappoint you. But truth compels me to admit that what women have told 'him' about their dancing partners, refers entirely to their dancing."

"That was discreet of the women," remarked Euphemia.

"'If a man is a poor dancer,'" read Dr. Angelicus aloud, "'and a great many are, he needn't flatter himself that his partner won't notice it. She will. Naturally she is too polite to betray her feelings—"

"Not at all," interrupted Euphemia. "Betraying one's feelings is the only means of protection. For instance, I have found audible sobs very successful toward curtailing a marathon on my toes."

"'For one thing,'" went on Angelicus, from the depths of his magazine, "'many men only know a few steps. They do these over and over again until it becomes maddeningly monotonous to dance with them.'"

"True," remarked Euphemia, as Dr. Angelicus continued:

"'Then, again, a lot of men can't lead forcefully. They simply wander and drift about the floor. They are timid.'"

"Poor dears," murmured Euphemia.

"'And a great many men,'" resumed the Doctor, "'still dance in the style of 1914.'"

"The style of 1814, rather," said Euphemia. "But if you are so interested in dancing, Doctor, you should really go to Meeteetse, Wyoming."

"I'm beginning to suspect that you own real estate there," said the Doctor. "Why should I go to Meeteetse for dancing?"

"The answer lies," said Euphemia, as she selected a newspaper from her desk, "in the latest Meeteetse News."

"Which states?" inquired the Doctor.

"That 'last Friday night, an event took place that will always be alluded to as a mighty swell and grotesque affair. It was the masquerade ball which the local lodge of Odd Fellows engineered. Perched upon a loft snugly fitted in one corner of the room, musicians of title spread their notes for eager feet. The

They have given an example of heroic virtue that ought never to be lost to that land to which their spirits gave their brave dust.—*N. Y. Times.*

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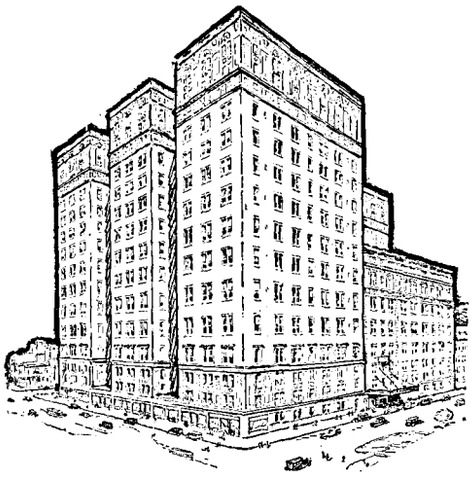

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crowd that did the note-tossing and note-juggling was the Harmony Four. Many of the costumes were catchy and original, representing this, that, and the other thing.' "

"I can well believe it," remarked the Doctor.

"Then," continued Euphemia, "here is an account of another dance which says that 'our school faculty and pupils are loud in their praise to those who made their carnival dance a success. Raining confetti, waving multi-colored streamers of paper, and a large cauldron of domesticated punch added color, gayety, and spice to the occasion. Many were deluged with the tiny circles of colored paper. Slap bang, they would hit one in the face and on the head. Those who were responsible for this razzling dazzling time are chuckling to themselves with glee superlatively sublime.' "

"I should have enjoyed that party," admitted Angelicus.

"And then," resumed Euphemia, "here is an item which states: 'Do no forget the Junior Prom dance in the schoolhouse Friday night. There will be special features and, oh! my! there will be plenty of sandwiches, cake, and coffee, and crispy crisp pie. Cunningham's music-makers of Powell will make the time for those who dance and the wall-flowers whose backs hug the wall like a building covered with ivy so slender and tall.' "

"Oh, they do have wall-flowers in Meeteetse then," remarked the Doctor, "so it can't be such a Utopia as you paint it."

"But listen to this," said Euphemia. " 'Another festival of feet gliding and shin activity is billed to take place in our school auditorium. Saturday, March 12, is the date for congregating, and to animated feet, toes, and shins, Cunningham's orchestra's sweet refrains will outpour.' "

"Now I can see what you mean," exclaimed the Doctor. "It's the animated shins that make you consider Meeteetse superior in its dancing."

"Of course," said Euphemia. "It's not any ordinary dancer who possesses a supple shin."

"Nevertheless," argued the Doctor, "why go to Meeteetse for dancing lessons when the advertisement I have been reading to you says that the best instruction possible can be obtained here in New York? This dancing master advertises that 'there are four different styles of doing the fox trot. A man should be familiar with them all. I can promise you that in a remarkably short time you will be able to do all the new steps.' "

Dr. Angelicus looked up from the magazine excitedly.

"I'm going to take that course," he exclaimed.

"Now, Doctor, don't be foolish," said Euphemia. "What would you do with those four different styles of fox trot, if you had them? Remember that too much learning is a dangerous thing."

"I wonder," ruminated Angelicus, "what the four different styles of fox trot are?"

"Use your zoölogical intelligence," said Euphemia. "They are, naturally, the silver fox trot, the red fox trot, the grey fox trot, and the pointed fox trot."

"The last done with a pointed toe, I suppose," said the Doctor. "I must learn them all. Yes, Euphemia, from now on I shall spend an afternoon a week in dancing school. Why don't you come too?"

"I don't need to," sniffed Euphemia. "It would be just a waste of time. Your dancing school doesn't interest me.'

"The advertisement says," remarked Angelicus, again glancing at his magazine, "that 'his method of having five men teachers for each woman, to give her a variety of leads, has also proven extremely popular in this dancing school.

"Er—what is the address?" inquired Euphemia, falteringly.

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